

# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### TWO IMPORTANT REPORTS

An important report upon economic and financial conditions in Germany was issued by the British Department of Overseas Trade last month. The authors are Colonel Tellwall, the British Commercial Secretary at Berlin, and Mr. Kavanagh, his colleague at Cologne. The authors point out that the German Government's inflation policy has resulted in very low costs of production and consequent high competitive power, and the practical extinction of the internal debt, but at the cost of the complete destruction of public credit, exorbitant rates of interest, and scarcity of private credit facilities. 'By preventing the public from purchasing stable currencies, the Government has prevented them from accumulating any savings of permanent value in liquid form.' On the other hand, manufacturers in fleeing the mark and seeking to avoid taxation 'have invested widely in extensions, renewals, and improvements.' Investments of the latter kind were also encouraged by the vast payments that the Government made to its nationals to reimburse them for plants lost in the ceded territories and shipping and other industrial property forfeited to the Entente. 'A mass of solid recon-

struction work has been carried out in Western Germany, which leaves her industry one of the most completely equipped in the world.'

Mr. Kavanagh estimates the annual production of German smelting works at nearly 8,000,000 tons of pig iron and 9,000,000 tons of ingot steel, the finished result being apparently consumed in Germany, giving her a home consumption alone of almost double the total output of the United Kingdom for 1922. However, this industrial boom is unhealthy, 'at the expense of national finance, the ruination of the saving classes, and the wholesale destruction of credit and thrift.'

Referring to the effects of the French seizure of the Ruhr, the authors say:—

It is generally believed among Germans that the French heavy industry's fear of German competition was a factor in bringing about the occupation of the Ruhr. Yet one result of this occupation has been that the blockade has driven German manufacturers to employ their hands largely in extensions and improvements, thus putting Germany's heavy industry in this respect in a stronger position than ever.

Far from helping the French industries, the occupation of the Ruhr is teaching the metal industry how to make itself independent of Lorraine and Luxemburg ores. In any case, it is impossible to make the Ruhr consume much more of the latter than she

has done in the past, since so much of the plant is designed to deal with Swedish and other ores of a higher grade.

In reviewing the report, the London *Times* observes:—

Perhaps the most interesting section of the report to the average reader is that dealing with fusions and mergers. Activity in this direction has been less acute than during the years immediately following the Armistice, as the main results of obtaining a sure raw-material basis by the working-up of materials in various stages by one economic group, to reduce costs and gain competitive power abroad, have largely been achieved.

The strength of these groups, both in obtaining raw materials and in selling in foreign markets, is enormous, and interesting tables are given. Mr. Kavanagh estimates that the Stinnes Group has control of a yearly output of over 18,000,000 tons of coal, nearly 4,250,000 tons of coke, 3,000,000 tons of pig iron, and over 2,250,000 tons of ingot steel; the Thyssen Group over 5,250,000 tons of coal, 1,750,000 tons of pig iron, and 1,250,000 tons of ingot steel. The Phoenix-Wolff Group is estimated to control an annual production of 7,750,000 tons of coal, 1,250,000 tons of coke, nearly 2,000,000 tons of pig iron, and about the same amount of ingot steel, whereas the Haniel Group has at its disposal over 9,500,000 tons of coal and nearly 2,000,000 tons of coke.

A study of this section suggests the difficulty which the French might encounter in any attempt to 'participate' in the profits of German industry. The aim of the group is to make one profit; to achieve this the individual companies are content in many cases merely to cover expenses or, if necessary, to make a loss. In the intricate maze of these mighty trusts it would not be difficult to bewilder an outsider; all concerns in which the French might participate could easily make practically no profit, while a company whose connection with them was well camouflaged would be earning enormous dividends for the whole group. The report gives an interesting picture of the various new combines formed during the year under review.

The following estimate of the percentages of their total income German citizens were required to pay as income tax — exclusive of other taxes — in 1922, will interest Americans. It should be pointed out that 300,000 marks, the minimum limit, was at current exchange somewhat less than \$1000 in United States currency.

Income	Unmarried Taxpayer	Married Taxpayer with Five Children
Marks	Per cent	Per cent
300,000 . . . . .	9.9	8.7
400,000 . . . . .	9.9	9.1
500,000 . . . . .	11.0	10.4
600,000 . . . . .	11.7	11.2
700,000 . . . . .	12.9	12.3
800,000 . . . . .	13.8	13.4
900,000 . . . . .	15.0	14.7
1,000,000 . . . . .	16.0	15.6
1,100,000 . . . . .	17.3	16.9
1,200,000 . . . . .	18.3	18.1
1,300,000 . . . . .	19.2	19.2
1,400,000 . . . . .	20.0	20.0
1,500,000 . . . . .	21.0	21.0
4,000,000 . . . . .	33.5	33.5
10,000,000 . . . . .	46.9	46.9
30,000,000 . . . . .	55.6	55.6

A second report of the same character, describing economic conditions in France, has just been submitted by the British Commercial Counselor at Paris. After reviewing the progress in restoring the devastated areas, Mr. Cahill, the author, says:—

One sees in many branches of commercial activity the same tendency toward the formation of powerful groups and 'communities of interest' as is noticeable in Germany. Already the great associations of metallurgical and engineering producers are well known. France's large and growing electrical industry is in the hands of a few strong firms. The aluminium industry is consolidated on similar lines, as also is the output and sale of potash. Dyestuffs manufacture is dominated by one concern, heavy

chemicals by two. The soap, oil seeds, and candle works are also reputed to maintain close relations. Shipping shows a tendency toward concentration, and other branches of transport operate in unison.

Mr. Cahill believes that France can carry the burden of reconstruction even without payments from Germany, thanks to the traditional thriftiness of her people. Her trade balance is a favorable factor, even allowing for certain deductions that do not appear in the published returns. The trend of state finances is also promising.

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#### POLITICAL DRIFT IN ITALY

WHILE Mussolini's position remains intact, all is not well with the Italian Fascisti. The Rome correspondent of *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* says: 'Mussolini's plan of organizing an administrative hierarchy with himself at the head, supported by the iron discipline of an obedient Fascisti Party, and of ruling Italy dictatorially with this instrument, is proving an illusion. . . . The Fascisti have been accustomed to enjoying more privileges than other citizens, but not to submitting to more discipline. The attempt to reorganize the Party upon a military basis has multiplied dissensions within it. . . . The situation, if not exactly dangerous, is at least serious.'

*El Sol*, an independent Liberal daily of Madrid, referring to Mussolini's explanation that the internal crisis of the Fascisti movement was due to 'growing pains,' observes that not a day passes without conflicts between the Fascisti and other Fascisti, or the Fascisti and the Government; that people are resigning from the organization en masse; that members are being expelled, and that a spirit of discord is universal. While Mussolini will doubtless be able to hold his undisciplined followers in check for a time,

present symptoms suggest the presence of a grave disease, foreboding the disintegration that threatens any party whose power is based on force.

The Rome correspondent of *Kölnerische Zeitung* views the situation more optimistically. It credits Mussolini with being 'far too wise and prudent' to allow the present difficulties to take a serious turn. His Fascisti supporters do him more harm than his critics. His present difficulties are due 'to dissatisfaction that, if it should develop into a formal opposition, would be directed less against Mussolini than his Fascisti lieutenants. . . . The conflict with the Popolari seemed threatening for a time, and the Fascisti press began to mutter that Italy might have a taste of an anticlericalism that would make all earlier forms of this movement seem like child's play. But this crisis is over. Don Sturzo was too wise to invite an open conflict, and was satisfied with rescuing his endangered party from extinction. The Liberal Monarchs in Sardinia, Sicily, and Southern Italy are trying to align the throne against the Fascisti with no prospect whatever of success.'

Mussolini's plan to modify the present electoral law so as to make Italy virtually one big precinct is designed to secure an unconditional majority for a single party in Parliament. He attributes the weakness of previous Cabinets to the fact that they were based on coalitions made up from the half-dozen or so small parties represented in that body. Coalition Cabinets are seriously hampered in constructive legislation by fear of offending some minor organized group of supporters, and thereby losing control of the legislature. Something of the same weakness is manifested in our own Congress when blocs and intra-party groups are willing to throw their vote to the opposing party in order to

prevent legislation endorsed by their own party that they do not approve. It was this condition that brought the Government in Italy to such a point of inefficiency as to invite the Fascisti dictatorship. Therefore the purpose of Mussolini's electoral reform is, in itself, laudable; but it is easily interpreted as an attempt to establish a permanent dictatorship of his Party by giving the Central Government too much control over the elections and reducing all opposition to impotency. This is the criticism especially of the South, where the Liberal Monarchist agitation against Fascism is strongest. It is estimated that the South would lose forty or fifty deputies in Parliament under the new arrangement, and the old cry of North versus South has been revived.

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#### EXIT STAMBULISKI

STAMBULISKI's overthrow and death removed a picturesque personality from Europe's public life — a man who simultaneously symbolized Bulgarian character, post-war politics, and agrarian policies to the mind of Western Europe.

It is too early to judge the political significance of the Bulgarian coup d'état. Many will account it but one more episode in the Fascisti reaction through which Europe seems to be recovering equilibrium after its recent revolutionary experiences. Some such incident had been predicted, but unpleasant predictions are cheap currency in these parlous times. Writing long before Stambuliski's overthrow, a contributor to *Oesterreichische Rundschau* pointed out that the popular vote in the last parliamentary elections was not so overwhelmingly in favor of the Peasant Party as its three-fourths majority in the Sobranja would indicate. Of 1,100,000 ballots about 500,

000 were cast by its opponents. Vassily Radoslavov, who was Premier of Bulgaria during the war, and was responsible for that country's alliance with Germany, says, in the Liberal *Frankfurter Zeitung*: 'Nothing is more erroneous than to assume that Bulgaria's whole population was behind Stambuliski.' The London *Times's* correspondent in Sofia gathered from reports reaching the capital from the country that the peasants were apathetic as to the recent change, adding, however: 'This may be attributed to the approaching harvest, and also to the fact that the majority of their leaders have been arrested.'

These opinions seem to be confirmed by the course events have taken in Bulgaria since the dispatch was written. But the fact remains that the present Government represents a minority of the nation, and owes its existence to an armed surprise. Until conditions are stabilized and a new election is held, we shall not know what kind of government is entitled by the will of the people to rule Bulgaria — and even then there may be doubts.

*Neue Freie Presse*, one of the best-informed journals in Europe upon Balkan affairs, thus summarizes Stambuliski's errors and his services to his country: —

Stambuliski may have incurred heavy guilt. He was a bull-necked man, and his fist struck down ruthlessly whoever ventured to oppose him. He thrust old Cabinet colleagues unceremoniously into prison if they disobeyed his orders. But his Government brought one blessing: it guaranteed peace in the Balkans. It insured us against war. It vouchsafed a certain repose, because Stambuliski, true peasant that he was, was first and foremost intent upon repairing the material damage Bulgaria had suffered in the war. . . . But Stambuliski had the temperament of a tyrant. He was a sort of agrarian Lenin.

*Nakanune*, the Bolshevik organ of Berlin, devotes a first-page article to its interpretation of Stambuliski's downfall:—

The Bulgarian Government is overthrown by the forces of bourgeois reaction wearing the fashionable cloak of Fascism. . . . The essence of the change is the seizure of power by the well-to-do. . . . The world is put before a new conflagration, a new catastrophe, as a result of a conspiracy of Macedonian insurgents and the directors of the Sofia banks. . . . But there is another lesson to learn. . . . Stambuliski fell victim to his own half-heartedness. This was evident in the fact that, having raised his banners against the bourgeoisie, he tried to conquer them with the forces of the peasantry alone. He refused an alliance with the class without whom no defeat of capitalism is possible — with the workmen. . . .

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#### JAPAN AND RUSSIA

VISCOUNT GOTO, until recently Mayor of Tokyo, has taken a leading part in the campaign to have Japan recognize the Soviet Government. He has proposed the following five points as basic conditions for the coming conference between these Powers:—

1. The question of Sakhalin shall be settled either by the sale of the island to Japan or by Russia's granting concessions to a Russo-Japanese syndicate.

2. The question of international obligations shall be set aside, apart from those regarding the recognition of Russia, to be settled later at an international conference.

3. Russia shall assume responsibility, morally and materially, for the Nikolaieffsk massacre, provided that in case Russia gives substantial proofs of the perpetration of a similar offense by Japanese soldiers, Japan will assume responsibility and withdraw the claim for Reparations.

4. Japan shall declare the date for withdrawing the troops from Northern Sakhalin.

5. Recognition of Russia by Japan will

not be made in a formal way, but will take effect upon the conclusion of a treaty, or treaties.

On the other hand, M. Joffe has submitted to Premier Baron Kato, through Viscount Goto, the four basic conditions proposed by Russia for the conference. According to the *Herald of Asia* these are:—

1. In view of the opinion obtaining in Japan in favor of a purchase of the northern half of Sakhalin, Russia has no objection to the sale of the island. The price may be negotiated in the conference to be opened. As an alternative, Russia is prepared to exploit the natural resources of the island as a joint undertaking by Russia and Japan. The Russian Government is convinced that the question can be settled in either of the two ways.

2. As to the question of international obligations, involving the acknowledgment by Russia of old debts, treaties, and the restoration of alien properties, Russia still adheres to the assertions she made at the Cannes, Hague, and Genoa conferences that she will not recognize the treaties concluded and the debts incurred by the Tsarist Government. Inasmuch, however, as these questions are common to the Allied countries, it is advisable to leave them out in the present conference and refer the settlement thereof to a conference between Russia and the Allied countries.

3. As regards the Nikolaieffsk question, which is related to the dispatch of Japanese troops to Siberia, Russia desires to make it the principle of its fundamental solution that both sides recognize mutual responsibilities and do not insist on compensation.

4. The Russian stand regarding formal recognition of the Soviet Government has never been altered. Since, however, the question of international obligations is to be left out in the conference with Japan, Russia will not insist on a formal recognition. If the conference leads to a settlement of the pending questions between Japan and Russia and a treaty of some form or other is concluded, that treaty will be a binding one, and Russia will be contented with it for the time being.

## TAXPAYERS' QUESTIONS

THE British Stationery Office has just issued a memorandum showing that the cost of running the Government is four times higher than before the war. Commenting upon this, the *English Review* says:—

So large an increase cannot be explained by a rise in prices from 100 to 176.

'What value do I get for my taxes?' inquires the citizen; but no sort of answer comes to him from any official quarter. And this information is withheld even in Parliament, where the cost of an object and its value to the country are treated separately. This is only one among a hundred points where the citizen is deliberately kept in a state of ignorance.

'What are the objects on which my money is spent? Is this present cost necessary? In what sense do I and my neighbors govern the country when it is impossible for any of us, however competent and industrious, to obtain the indispensable information for forming intelligent opinions?' These, surely, are appropriate questions for every Englishman. But who can tell us where to go, or whom to ask, for answers?

In the meantime, the taxes are four times greater, and our means of meeting them far less, than before the war.



## BUSY STINNES

*Arbeiter Zeitung*, the Conservative-Socialist daily of Vienna, is authority for the following account of Stinnes's recent visit to that city:—

We shall only mention here what Stinnes is reported to have done during the last eight days. He has annexed the Bismarck furnaces and the Kattowitz Mining Company, which hitherto has been associated

with the Charlotte furnaces, to his Rhine-Elbe Union. This adds largely to his coal holdings, for Kattowitz alone has more than 50,000,000 square metres of proved coal land. He has thus got a firm foothold in the eastern mining district, which is most important in his general scheme of organization. No wonder, then, that the shares of his works have advanced sharply during the last few days. He has also laid plans for bringing large tracts of waste land in the County of Bentheim under cultivation. Two of his agents are now purchasing great areas in that district. He has also bought 40 per cent of the total capital of the Aluminum Mining and Manufacturing Company, and thereby acquired virtual control of the aluminum industry of Southeastern Europe. One of the largest independent machine-shops in Germany, the Berlin-Anhalt Machine Construction Company of Berlin, has come under Stinnes's control. He has also bought an important interest in the Rhenish-Hessian Canning Company of Nieder-Ingelheim. This company, which is engaged largely in meat packing, has recently bought saw mills and a box-making establishment. The Alpine Mining Company in Styria, already owned by Stinnes, is preparing to put a new furnace in blast. He has acquired an interest in the German Commercial and Industrial Gas Company, a firm with four billion marks capital, manufacturing gas and by-products, and using coal from Stinnes's mines. Last of all, he has bought two more newspapers, the *Frankfurter Nachrichten* and the *Badische Post* of Heidelberg.

This intensive activity on the part of Germany's greatest industrial leader occurred just when the mark was falling precipitately, and is assumed to represent an investment of his profits from a large operation in English exchange.

## JEANNE D'ARC AND THE RUHR

BY J. ST. LOE STRACHEY

From the *Spectator*, June 2  
(LONDON CONSERVATIVE WEEKLY)

JEANNE D'ARC is the glory of the French. Her death was the disgrace of the English. Above all, she is an eternal warning to those who think that mankind will long endure to be ruled by a mechanical statecraft or that human affairs can revolve on the principle which inspired Shylock's claim to his pound of flesh. Whenever the great lesson that Joan of Arc taught the world is forgotten there is danger.

The 'analogous case' has taken a hundred forms throughout history; but never, it seems to me, has it come nearer, or proved more poignant, than in the situation in which a distracted Europe now finds itself. I say this not as an enemy, but as a friend of France; not as a pro-German, but as a pro-Englishman; not as a Pacifist or an Internationalist, for I am neither. I say it as one who believes in democracy and in liberty, but who dreads the rigid application of pure logic to great affairs and abhors the enforcement of contracts 'contrary to public welfare,' whether they be individual or international.

I believe now quite as firmly as I believed in 1914 that it was necessary to withstand German autocracy in its mad ambition to achieve a world supremacy by force of arms. I hold that if we had not withheld it, and withheld it to the end, we should now be fellow slaves with the German people. But, because I think the Germans were guilty of a crime against humanity, civilization, and freedom in supporting the Kaiser, and guilty of an equal

crime in consenting to be governed by a Hohenzollern tyrant, I am not going to say that therefore everyone who now hates or hits a German is in the right and everyone who wishes to make mercy, not revenge, the new way of life is in the wrong.

I ask the people of France to recall the story of Joan of Arc. I do so to prevent them making the cruel error that the English made in the fifteenth century. I act in the hope, vain it may be but none the less sincere, of saving them from irreparable disaster. I implore them not to create in the Ruhr and in Germany as a whole the conditions which produced such effects and such a leader as the Maid of Orleans.

We conquered France at Agincourt and we proceeded, after the manner of the age, to demand the equivalent of reparations which it was beyond our power to exact or that of our enemies to pay. Against the will of the people of France we occupied a large part of their country. We set up as best we could military governments. We demanded security from French attacks. We calculated that the rulers of France, the Dauphin and his advisers, were too weak to resist our 'just demands.' We summoned our Burgundian allies to come to our aid and help us to keep the common rebels in their place.

We had no doubts as to the ultimate success of our policy. The old dynasty had sunk to the lowest point of dispute. The nobility were corrupt, broken, and degraded. The townspeople and the peasants were wretched and

distracted. Many of the more distant provinces of France seemed ready, nay, eager, to break off and set up as separate communities. All seemed to declare that we could do what we would with France and that we could reduce her to a condition in which she would never more be a danger. And then a miracle happened! A woman clung to God's skirts and prayed.

Out of an obscure village in Eastern France arose the Maid of Orleans. Neither the capital, nor the nobility, nor the Church, at first, gave her any support. Yet soon her example and her spirit brought unity to a disunited and leaderless land. It made those who had seemed most hopeless, and who had most cause to be hopeless, believe that the Lord would yet have mercy on France. She galvanized the drooping dynasty into new life and gave it a new inspiration. She made a soldier and a statesman, for the time, of the indolent, selfish, disillusioned Dauphin. She shamed those who thought that France must inevitably break into a dozen pieces and that it was too late to save the country. She showed the world how the English could be made to withdraw and how France could be freed and reestablished.

Even when reaction followed the reign of miracles, when the fate of war turned against her, and when she paid the penalty, her spirit still prevailed. Though dead, she commanded the soul of her people. Each fatal triumph of the English and of the Church only brought nearer the inevitable end. In that handful of gray ashes, whether blown about the market square of Rouen or scattered on the waters of the Seine, lived the fires of her patriotism and of her faith.

And hers was no temporary, no fading victory. She remains the most popular and the most touching figure, not merely in French, but in all history.

The supreme lesson she taught us is that those who think that because they have power they can use it as they will, and who, so thinking, drive a people to despair, must inevitably pay the full price of their ill-doing. Whether autocrats or democrats, foreigners or oppressors akin to those whom they oppress, they must reap as they have sown.

At present it may look as if the last thing in the world that could happen in Germany would be the rising of some Jeanne d'Arc, man or woman, to inspire the German kin. Up till now I fully admit that nothing has been done in the Ruhr in the way of oppression comparable to the oppression which produced the Maid of Orleans. But France is standing at the edge of a steep slope and seems determined not to draw back from the path that leads to the precipice. It is because there is yet time for her to count the cost and save herself that I ask her to call to mind her greatest patriot and not to press on in a hopeless task till there springs up, even in a soil so unlikely, some soldier-saint who will turn despair to devotion, misery to hope.

Already France's acting in the Ruhr has made Germany a united people. Instead of an Empire in which the tendency to confusion and disunion was becoming more and more apparent, Germany is once more a homogeneous nation. And it is not merely a geographical unity that has been achieved. As in the case of Joan of Arc, classes and orders of society which seemed hopelessly estranged have struck hands across the river that once divided them. The Junker and the Socialist, the Moderate Liberal and the Bureaucrat, the Protestant and the Clerical, the Revolutionary and the Constitutional-ist, for once are speaking with the same voice.

The only institution in the country

which is not taking or purposing hostile action toward France is the Government, and their acquiescence is based on fear and weakness and the policy of despair, not on conviction. They recognize too fully the physical power of France to have any hope. They have not imagination enough to realize the irresistible force of a people who have lost the hope of better times. Men who become the voluntary votaries of Death, and long to enlist under his grim banner, are not easily crushed. They are, in truth, a dread menace to their own people, to us, and to the world at large, as well as to France. And their number is daily augmented. Unimaginable though it may seem at the moment, it is quite possible that on a sudden impulse some zealot of the Rhineland or of the Ruhr may arise to make a Dauphin out of the Crown Prince, a nation of fanatics out of the dull peasants of Westphalian fields. In a flash the old autocracy, the old official oligarchy, the old militarism, the brutalized nobility, the materialized industrials, the regimented toilers of farm and city may awake to a new life and a new ambition.

Does France want that? Does France call that security? Does France think that will stabilize her power over Europe? The English five centuries ago thought like that. They burned Joan of Arc, not out of hatred, but out of their hunger for strength and se-

curity. Yet it was this very desire, this wish to enjoy the fruits of victory undisturbed, which in the end drove them from France and left them bereft, not only of their conquests, but of their hereditary and lawful possessions.

No analogy in history is ever exact, and I do not suppose for a moment that if France continues to shut her eyes to the lessons of the past the renewed story of the Maid of Orleans will instantly flame in the heavens clear for all to see. For a time we may ignore the signs of the times and miss the message. All I can be sure of is that when ten or twenty years hence the consequences of the French infatuation for a security, achieved by hate instead of by mercy, have worked out to their inevitable ends, and when the world begins to count the cost and to consider the situation which Europe has reached, it will be noted with horror how France ignored the supreme lesson of history. It will then be seen that France in her blindness led the world down the path of disaster, though a phantom arm so holy and so noble was stretched out to warn her of her danger.

But I must not write as if the doom had come and the curse of misused power must fall. Surely there are enough men of sense, of coolness, and of moral courage left in France to say that they will not follow the evil example which England gave mankind just five hundred years ago.

## ATHEISM IN MOSCOW

BY HUNTRY CARTER

From the *Outlook*, June 2  
(LONDON SEMI-RADICAL WEEKLY)

Moscow appears the most irreligious city on earth. No one can truly compare the Moscow of 1913 with the Moscow of 1923 without coming to this conclusion. I remember making my last pre-war visit to this wonderful city in the late summer of 1913. The decrepit droshky-driver who jolted me from the Nicholas Station to a small hotel in Tberskoi seemed to be afflicted with St. Vitus's dance. The whole way he bobbed and crossed himself before icons and chapels that strewed our path as numerous as the Atlantic Cities that Emerson speaks of. On every hand devoted pedestrians went through the same antics, bobbing, crossing themselves, even kneeling before sacred images and symbols, as though their lives depended on it. Mysticism, superstition, mediævalism went hand in hand casting a many-colored but deadening halo upon everything.

From the religious intoxication of the droshky-driver and the multitude to that of the chapels themselves was but a step, as one might say, of the distance from the Balcony Scene to the Divorce Court. The gorgeousness of their interiors took the breath away. Enmeshed in glittering gold as though a mighty golden spider had in a golden ecstasy spun its very soul over them, they took the mind with wonder leaving but little room for meditation, that essence of the Church's secret charm. Vessels of gold and silver, and precious stones, unsurpassed even by the glories of Solomon's sumptuous

temple; the flow of the rich vestments of the priests, the air dense with subtle incense, and the sound of music and chant — all these united to produce a harmony of religious color, sound, and movement whose potent spell no human mind could withstand.

These glowing shrines were the symbols of a people still buried in religious observances of the Dark Ages, still preserving habits and customs that belonged to the eleventh century. Indeed, at the time I write of, Moscow was a strange blend of the barbaric and the modern. Its shocking cobbled streets, its one- and two-story timbered houses, its multitudes of priests and pestiferous beggars, its superstition, its dirt and dilapidation, and along with these its colossal mammonized Government and commercial buildings, and its great blocks of palatial flats fitted with every up-to-date convenience, kept the mind violently jerking from the earliest to the latest period of the world's history.

And Moscow to-day? Gone is the droshky-driver with the religious palsy. The man who drives me from the Nicholas Station is young, lusty, and unrighteous, with a mind set on getting his pound of flesh in rubles that mount to millions. He is the new bandit with not a grain of religious faith in the whole of his unclean body. If he vibrates like a jelly it is because of the atrocious roads. Never a glance does he bestow on the chapels or icons, or where the latter used to be. Gone are the icons, or most of them. Rob-

bers and others of the Help-Myself Society have taken toll of them pretty heavily. Nowadays museums and not street- and chapel-walls are bulging with them.

Gone are the vessels of gold and silver and the precious stones that once adorned the chapel interior. True, the tinsel lining is there, and the golden sanctuary and the gallery of saints (some of them sinners too), and the tall candlesticks still shed waxen tears as though doing penance for the sins of the worshipers (or can it be the priests?). True, too, the priests are there, but no longer, except at Festival time, enshrouded as it were in priceless vesture. They are unshaven and unshorn, gaunt and ungainly, their garments are rusty and threadbare, and reek of hard times, and they receive the donations of the devout with the air of men who are signing their own death-warrant.

Gone, too, is most of the old ritual and glorified, if not sanctified, observance. The choir sings with its coat collar turned up and wearing its workaday clothes and a red nose. The congregation plainly, even poorly, dressed (and including no bejeweled or befurried representatives of the bourgeois or capitalist class), stands immobile with lacklustre eye, like a person hypnotized, throughout the service. Gone are the frenzied bowings and crossings that once set everyone in a congregation going like fanatical dervishes. Scarcely a member crosses himself or herself, scarcely one bends the knee in adoration. A few continue the old business of kissing the feet of saints half-hidden behind glass thickly overlaid with the grease deposited by the lips of the faithful.

Gone is the religious ecstasy which once set its seal upon all who worshiped in the Moscow chapels. Perhaps the Church is the nearest way

out of Moscow to-day. Just as gin was once said by a magistrate to be the nearest way out of Manchester. In no other way can I account for the irreligious apathy of the chapel-goer. For an hour or two he receives a free helping of a gorgeous gilt interior, music, chant, incense, — in a word, æsthetic enjoyment, — which enables him to forget the snow, slush, bitter cold, dirt, and dilapidation — the aftermath of the Revolution outside.

As in the chapels so on the streets. Gone is the mist of bells that once broke from the four hundred belfries like a diaphanous canopy of God. Gone, too, is the look of religious fervor, nay, fanaticism, that once set its mark on the Moscow population as though on a people apart. Once the Moscovites looked as though they were the elect of Heaven, now they look like the chosen of Hell. Nowadays in Moscow — that unique city of domes, where the mounded golds and blues and greens are pressed to heights by a lacework of vernal foliage — the people laugh at God. Perhaps the laugh is with God.

You see them gazing intently at a shop-window full of blazing atheistic literature that would make Foote weep with joy. You see them peering into scoffing pages of the *Bezbojnik*, or the *Krasnie Perets* (Red Pepper), or the *Crocodile*, at cartoons whose violent criticisms of saints and sinners would make even the Freethinker green with envy. You watch them in pageants walking six abreast behind guys so ugly you wonder the demonstrators do not faint at the sight of them. You meet them in the theatre of revolutionary satire, and in its understudies, held by scenes exhibiting priests to ridicule.

The fact of the whole matter is that a new spirit is manifesting itself in Moscow. It may be reformation, or

democracy, or rationalism. Call it what you like. It began with the Revolution, and it may be a protest from people who received no apparent help from Heaven in their hour of need. The Soviet Government is accused of fostering it. But so are the younger priests fostering it. They are clamoring for a Living Church in place of the dead one. They want to do away with the Patriarch. They want the Church cleansed of many evils which crept into it during the Tsarist régime. It was they who recently unfrocked Tikhon so that he might take his trial as a private person. At this the Government merely shrugged their shoulders. Tikhon has offended against the civil laws of the country, and he must take his trial in any case.

I am writing this on Ascension Day. All the churches and chapels except thirty-nine are brimming over. The twenty chapels of the Kremlin are

dead, for the Kremlin is a Government fortress to which no one is admitted save a chosen few. The Kremlin is dead.

All the morning I have wandered from one end of Moscow to the other in quest of an open restaurant. In vain. Upon the portals of each was the mystic sign 'Zaperta,' or in plain English 'Closed.' Where were the lugubrious waiters? Can it be they had gone to the irresistible public Lottery?

This same evening at the Proletcult Theatre I saw the workers in an orgy of play-acting caricature, a procession of priests, and a procession of comic icons, and pails for the tears of the faithful. Upon such mediæval drollery they ascended to heights of Aristophanic mockery, but without the clarifying spirit of Aristophanes.

Yes, without doubt, Moscow is laughing at God. But perhaps the laugh is *with* God.

## LORD CURZON DAY IN MOSCOW

BY MICHAEL BULGAKOV

*From Nakanune, May 19  
(BERLIN BOLSHEVIST RUSSIAN-LANGUAGE DAILY)*

AT six o'clock in the morning my train rolled merrily into the Briansk Station at Moscow. Home again! After our caricature-like provinces without newspapers, without books, full of wild rumors — Moscow, the big city, the only city, the State. Here it's possible to live like a civilized man, and only here.

There's my cabman. He charges me eighty millions for a trip to the Sadovaya. Tramcars are emerging from car-

barns. People are hurrying somewhere. 'What is the news for the last month?' My *izvoshchik* turns, sits sidewise, and begins to ramble about things in general, in a hazy, equivocal way. On one side he likes the Government; on the other side tires now cost a trillion and a half rubles each. On one side he likes the First of May celebration; on the other — antireligious propaganda 'does not correspond.' What is it that it does not correspond with? I cannot

get a clear answer. I can read upon his face that there is some important news, but that I'll never learn it from him.

It begins to rain. I draw back under the raised top of the cab while my izvoshchik continues to ramble on about 'trillions' and 'trilliards' and then starts talking some nonsense concerning Patriarch Tikhon, from which I cannot quite make out whether he means Tikhon, Cieplak, or the Bishop of Canterbury.

I am home at last. I'll never leave Moscow again. I hold the immense sheet of *Izvestia* in my hands, a paper I have not read for a whole month, and on the first page I see — the murder of Vorovskii!

That's what the izvoshchik's face was hiding. They have known it here since yesterday. And more than that: Curzon — Curzon — Curzon. Ultimatum. Naval demonstration. Protest, comrades! Well, that's how Moscow greets me. It was n't all imagination, then, that I seemed to feel electricity in the air when I first arrived this morning. I must get out on the street.

Military music sounds along the Tverskaia, and a stream of people, as long as the eye can reach, slowly moves up the street, carrying a forest of placards and banners. I read the legend upon a black cloth: 'The murder of Vorovskii is the death of Europe's bourgeoisie.' A red cloth follows, proclaiming: 'Do not play with fire, Mr. Curzon,' and another one: 'We're keeping our powder dry.'

The mob is growing. Stores begin to close; street traffic stops. I follow the stream of people. Presently a motor-truck passes bearing a huge effigy of Lord Curzon, with a purple face, in a frock coat and silk hat, proudly erect, holding in his hands chains made out of rope. The chains hold fast a group of Oriental gentlemen in multicolored garb. In one hand Lord Curzon has a

long leash. Strident whistles pierce the air. A group of people sings: —

Write on, Curzon, but bear in mind:  
The paper stands it all, but we shall not!

Upon a square a column of unarmed Red Guards meets the original stream. The mob cheers, and the two rivers of humanity flow on together. A speculator whom I know dives out of an alley, looks at the placards, reads them over and over again, and says with a meaning look on his face: 'I don't like this kind of stuff. . . . However, I'm ineligible on account of ill health.' Then he vanishes.

The building of the Moscow Soviet is fairly boiling over with people looking out of windows and crowding every balcony. Lord Curzon majestically sways over our heads upon his truck. 'Down with Curzon!' is shouted both in Russian and in English.

Opposite the Soviet, upon the small balcony underneath the obelisk of Liberty, Maiakovskii, the speaker, opens his huge, square mouth and roars in a broken basso: 'Howl, British lion! Howl! Howl!'

'Lion, howl!' and 'Left!' sound similar in Russian. Accordingly, the obedient mob echoes the speaker: 'Left! Left!' And they call again for Maiakovskii.

'Comrades!' he roars. 'You've heard things but you don't know what they mean — you don't know who Curzon is!' And he explains: 'From beneath the mask of a well-bred lord I see the fangs of a terrible monster! At the time they were killing the Baku Communists . . . '

A brass band in the Soviet Building drowns the rest.

'Arise, accursed, stigmatized.' A choir of high-pitched female voices intones the International. Maiakovskii still throws his words, heavy as cobblestones, down into the mob that

moves around the obelisk like an ant heap. Somebody shouts: 'Resign, Curzon!'

Endless processions fill adjoining avenues, and we can see the Theatre Square packed with people. From a side street factory-workers emerge, bearing another effigy of Lord Curzon upon bayonets; one man walks behind and pounds the effigy upon the head with a shovel. The head, in a mutilated silk hat, sways helplessly to and fro. Another stuffed figure, bearing upon his chest a huge board with the legend, 'Soviet Note,' and below a fist wielding the popular sledge and the words: 'This is our answer,' follows closely on Lord Curzon's heels.

We come upon still another Lord Curzon at the head of a new procession. This time he hangs from a pole and from time to time his head is struck

against the pavement. Then there comes a huge portable gallows with wooden skeletons suspended from them and the explanation: 'These are the fruits of Curzon's policy.'

Not without great difficulty do I finally extricate myself from the sea of humanity and reach a street that is comparatively free of people. All the street cars, abandoning their appointed routes, have been diverted to the less crowded streets. But in the next square there is still another mob. A truck bears a huge cage wherein sit Pilsudski, Curzon, and Mussolini. A small boy makes an ear-splitting noise blowing a huge horn. A crowd packs the sidewalks and gazes into the sky, where a yellow balloon slowly floats, and part of the well-known slogan around its body can be read: '... rians of all countries . . .'

## CHINA'S HUMILIATION DAY

BY SIDNEY L. GULICK

*[This article was written especially for the Japan Advertiser by Dr. Gulick, a leading American authority on Japanese and Chinese life and sentiment, when he was returning from China to America.]*

From the *Japan Advertiser*, May 25  
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

In all the important centres in China, on May 7 or 9, students and merchants observed Humiliation Day, a special holiday being granted for the purpose. In Peking and the north, May 7 was the day observed, this being the day on which in 1915 the Japanese Government presented to China the now famous ultimatum. That ultimatum brought to an end the

prolonged conferences that followed the presentation of the Twenty-One Demands. May 9 was the day on which President Yuan Shi-kai accepted the terms of the ultimatum.

The writer was privileged to be an observer of one of the many meetings held by students in Shanghai. Some 1600 were packed into a room that might comfortably accommodate 1200.

The meeting lasted about four hours; two speakers occupied an hour, while three dramatic performances occupied the remaining three hours. The first speaker, Dr. George C. Hsu, an intimate friend of Dr. Sun Yat-sen, gave a history of the Twenty-One Demands and an argument to show that they were illegal. The second speaker, wife of a former Cabinet Minister, described the fate of Korea under Japanese rule.

The first two plays were quite short, mere preludes to the real performance, which lasted over two hours. All the plays were put through with tremendous seriousness, though bubbling over with humor at many a point.

*The Dilapidated Umbrella* is the title of the first play. Enter a Chinese dude dressed in the latest Western fashion, his trousers well creased, and wearing a light rubber raincoat. After some rather humorous and caustic remarks with which he was himself manifestly well pleased, a middle-aged Chinese gentleman enters, carrying a dilapidated umbrella, badly torn, with some of the ribs hanging loose. The youth begins to ridicule the umbrella and the bearer; after satisfying himself with his sarcasm and scorn, he asks the gentleman why he does not go to the Japanese store and get an umbrella that is an umbrella. To this the gentleman replies that he will never buy anything Japanese. This leads to a discussion in which the gentleman tells the story of his beloved country, symbolized by the dilapidated umbrella, the ribs being the people who do not work properly together. The only way to save the country from utter destruction is to buy only Chinese-made goods and for all to help.

As the dialogue goes on, the sarcastic and frivolous youth begins to see the plight of his country and to realize how blind he has been and to feel that

he has himself been doing wrong. Presently he begins silently to weep, and before the close he is on his knees bowing to Heaven for forgiveness and vowing while sobbing hysterically that never again will he buy anything Japanese.

In the second play, *The Murdered Peddler*, all the actors are girls. It begins with a mother in her home sewing diligently for her living and that of her son, bewailing her hard life and the degradation and increasing poverty of her country because of the arrogant and plundering Japanese. In rushes her fifteen-year-old son, dressed as a Boy Scout, who tells in excitement of the way in which some Japanese had broken up their Humiliation Day Parade, and had scolded and ridiculed and beaten them. This leads the mother to tell the boy about the bad Japanese who were seeking to subdue and annex China, and that he should always be against them and find some way to drive them out.

The next scene brings on a simple peddler selling Japanese toys. Presently a Japanese appears who knows the peddler and his simple trustful spirit. After some banter he borrows from the peddler five dollars, promising to return it after ten days with the ten dollars borrowed a few days before. (This was all allusion to the lease of the Liaotung Peninsula.) After some intervening scenes the peddler and the Japanese meet again and the peddler asks for the return of his money; the Japanese denies that he ever borrowed any; this leads to a scuffle in which the Japanese beats and kicks the peddler, knocks him down and carries off his basket of wares.

While the peddler is struggling to rise, a leg and an arm being broken in the scuffle, the Boy Scout enters. He asks the trouble, gets the story, and is filled with anger. The peddler dies.

The Japanese then reappears with the basket. A violent discussion develops, the Boy Scout charging him with stealing the peddler's money and then with killing him, which of course he denies vigorously. Another scuffle takes place in which the Japanese is thrown to the ground and completely defeated by the boy, who then carries off the peddler's basket.

The third play is called *The Profligate Brothers*. Two wealthy brothers find themselves in dire financial distress, the elder brother through the smoking of opium and the younger through gambling. As the year is soon to close, all bills must be settled; but though the brothers are very wealthy in property, no cash is available to pay the debts and bills. The elder brother's wife declares she has pawned all her jewels. The accountant of the family estate is brought in, and also the daughter of the elder brother and the son of the younger brother. The scheming accountant proposes to divide the inherited estate and to mortgage a portion. The family objects, but the elder brother insists and it is done, causing estrangement between the brothers. The elder brother takes the property north of the Yangtze River, while the younger brother takes that which is south. (The symbolism was clear and significant. The accountant represented the Anfu traitors.)

The wily accountant then arranges for a mortgage of the elder brother's property with a Japanese banker; but unknown to the elder brother he also arranges with the banker for a deed of sale to become effective in case the mortgage is defaulted. The elder brother then appears and signs the mortgage but protests violently when presented with the bill of sale; the banker forthwith produces a pistol and compels its signature. (The ultimatum.)

In due time the mortgage is defaulted. The banker then hales the elder brother into court in order to get full possession of the property; the elder brother claims that the deed is not valid, having been secured by fraud and violence. The wily accountant declares in the court that he knows nothing about fraud and violence in securing the signature. The banker insists on the validity of the deed because it was properly signed and sealed. The court upholds its validity and the banker gets the property.

The elder brother then calls another family council; reconciliation takes place and the family decides to recover the property; the brothers pledge reform from their profligate ways and all agree to go into business with the purpose of ultimately buying the family estate back from the banker. The closing scene was most touching and aroused the audience to intense patriotic enthusiasm.

This four-hour observance of Humiliation Day began with a salute to the national Flag, and the singing of the National Anthem. The Anthem is evidently still an exotic, neither the words nor the tune being thoroughly familiar. A young man played the air through with one finger on the organ, himself somewhat uncertain at times of the true sequence of the notes.

The President of the National South-eastern University located at Nanking, who sat beside me, remarked that throughout China that day thousands of such student meetings were being held.

Perhaps even more significant than the students' meeting described above was a monster meeting of Shanghai business men, sponsored by the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce. Two hundred organizations were represented and over ten thousand were stated to have been in the audience,

most of them standing through the protracted meeting. The emphasis of the speakers was against 'Japan's refusal to abrogate the remaining portion of the Twenty-One Demands.' It is highly significant, however, that the impotence of the present Government was also heavily scored.

A school principal was one of the main speakers, who declared that the true humiliation of the day was that of the militarists, because though they have hundreds of thousands of soldiers at their command they cannot protect a single railway, as shown by the bandit raid upon the Peking train four days before, when some thirty foreigners and two hundred Chinese were carried off to the mountains after the train had been completely looted. The humiliation also is that of the members of Parliament, because they spent years in filibustering, and did practically nothing to improve the Constitution. The humiliation also is that of the people because they had continued to tolerate all this outrage and negligence without protest and resistance.

By these demonstrations and mass meetings and dramatic presentations of their national plight and earnest aspirations, China is creating for herself a soul. Public opinion is now beginning to find itself, a step of the utmost importance if China is ever to become a truly self-governing nation. The nation is beginning to discover what its true position is among the great nations of the world, a position of ignoble impotence and utter lack of influence. Many are beginning to see that the real cause of this humiliating situation is the venality and incompetence of her political leaders and the unpatriotic indifference of her merchant and middle classes. They are also beginning to see that the dense ignorance of the masses is a terrible load

and a frightful obstacle to China's taking her proper place among the nations.

China's leaders are accordingly setting themselves to the task of awakening the people and of developing among the masses a sense of shame along with the feeling of patriotism. The anti-Japanese agitation is the easiest and the most natural line of attack; the objective concrete; the humiliation is manifest and easily pictured and proved. Great changes are already evident in the spirit of the people. Millions of people are being welded into a nation with a patriotic sense of unity and honor. They have their national flag and they salute it. They have an Anthem and they are learning to sing it. The rising generation is studying world geography and history and learning to look upon itself objectively, with the greedy nations of the world as a background.

All this is being done without authoritative leadership, such as Japan has enjoyed for two generations. But voluntary leadership is springing up in every centre. Of course it is more or less crude and often inadequately informed. But the significant thing is that the leadership is developing and experience is bringing sobriety and sanity. No reports have come in of violence, so rife three and four years ago; stores have not been raided; demonstrations are orderly. But there is no less of conviction and deep purpose. There is less of unreasoning passion, more of clear understanding.

The present boycott is apparently led primarily by the merchant class, whereas three and four years ago students were the principal leaders. The economic motive is more active now.

The strength of the present anti-Japanese agitation is somewhat surprising to an onlooker in view of the recent adoption by Japan of a funda-

mental change in her policies toward China. This change was first manifested at the Washington Conference and has been consistently carried out since by a number of notable events, the transference to China of the railway, the wireless plant, and other properties in Shantung, the withdrawal of troops from Hankow, the dismantling of the wireless plant at that place, and the closing of all Japanese post offices in China. As a result of these new policies there was for a few months an apparent lightening of the tension of Chinese feeling toward Japan. Japan hoped that her actions and her friendly policy would be really appreciated by China, and be regarded as evidences of her desire to be fair and friendly. She regards what she has done as not merely right but as truly magnanimous.

Chinese agitators, however, look upon these transactions in a different light. Japan, in their opinion, has merely returned stolen goods and deserves no special thanks. She has in fact returned only a part of her wicked profits by the Twenty-One Demands. Her insult to China at that time and the humiliation suffered by China still stand. If Japan wishes China's friendship, let her return the whole. Let her wipe the slate clean of that humiliating transaction and the obnoxious Demands. The lease of Liaotung expired in March; if she wants to be friendly why does she not return it? Continued possession is a violation of China's sovereignty and is not friendly. Evidently she has had no change of heart.

The new anti-Japanese agitation thus takes no notice of what Japan has already done. It concerns itself with only what more she should do. These agitators apparently believe that world-opinion agrees with them and will shortly force Japan to restore Liaotung as it forced her to restore

Shantung, for they regard this latter act as a matter of compulsion rather than as due to the rising tide of liberal public opinion in Japan herself.

The Japanese, on the other hand, start with the Sino-Japanese treaty of 1895 by which Liaotung was ceded to Japan, the result of the China-Japan war. An ultimatum, however, from Russia, Germany, and France at once forced Japan, under duress and without war, to return it to China. In less than three years China treacherously gave it to Russia and in seven short years Russia's encroachments in Korea precipitated that war with Russia in which Japan had to fight with that giant of the north for her very life. It cost her \$2,000,000,000 and 100,000 lives.

But wholly apart from other aspects of the question, can Japan wisely return Liaotung to China under present conditions in China and in Russia? If returned, who would have it? The Peking Government, which has no authority or influence outside of the city itself? Wu Pei-fu, one of the military barons seeking to become the military dictator of China? Chang Tso-lin, another military baron and dictator? And what assurances could China give that the whole area would not ere long come again under Russian domination? Who can tell what Russia will be doing in the Far East ten or twenty years hence, especially if Japan withdraws from South Manchuria? And can China take proper care of the great property Japan has so skillfully developed, and provide for a proper payment to Japan for the same? Can China give any credible guaranties that Russia will never again menace the life of Japan by aggression in Manchuria and in China herself?

China and Japan are evidently looking at quite different sets of facts, each jealous for its own interests and honor

and thinking little of the needs and honor, the hopes and fears, of the other. Important Chinese leaders have assured the writer that the Chinese people wish to have friendship with Japan, but that it is impossible on a basis of humiliation and dishonor and violation of China's sovereignty. Many Japanese, likewise, have assured him that the Japanese desire friendship with China, but that for this a stable, reliable, and efficient Chinese Govern-

ment, with which they can deal and on which they can rely, is essential.

It would seem that some method might be found by wise statesmen that would remove the sense of humiliation undoubtedly felt by China's young millions in connection with the Twenty-One Demands, and that would also assure Japan that she would not again be exposed to the danger of a fresh struggle with Russia, in the decades not far ahead.

## AN ART-LESS CHANCELLOR

BY PRINCE PHILIPP ZU EULENBURG

*[The reminiscences of Prince Philipp zu Eulenburg, distinguished alike as a diplomat and a poet, are about to be published in Germany. They throw new light upon intimate phases of important episodes in German history, especially Bismarck's resignation, and contain vivid character-studies of European rulers and public men.]*

From *Berliner Tageblatt*, May 27  
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

THE contrasts in my own nature, with its marked artistic interests on the one hand, and on the other the practical attitude toward life that I inherited from my father, never presented themselves more clearly to my consciousness than at the time I entered the Foreign Office. I do not need to say that neither Bismarck nor Herbert Bismarck would have approved and assisted my entrance into a diplomatic career if they had not felt that I was qualified for that profession. People were not very considerate in that family. During my intercourse with the Bismarcks, my artistic tastes, my songs, and my singing were never mentioned. It was almost as if they wished to impress upon me that I owed my official posi-

tion to quite different qualities. For how many were favored, as I was, with frequent invitations to join the Bismarcks at tea? Between 1877 and 1881 the circle that ventured to surround the unapproachable Chancellor was growing very narrow. Many of his old associates had been driven away or were in constant alarm lest they forfeit his favor.

I did indeed sing some of my ballads — *Skaldengesänge* — to Princess Bismarck. They were very popular in Berlin society at that time. The Princess was undeniably musical, with the preference for the classical that in spite of Wagner still ruled the world. Both she and the Prince himself were at one time fond of hearing Robert von Keu-

dell play Beethoven's sonatas; but by this time that gentleman was Ambassador at Rome.

The Prince himself seldom listened to my singing. I recall very vividly one forenoon when he was present. I was sitting at the piano with the Princess in the well-known red-silk salon where an abominable portrait of the Prince, painted by an American admirer, hung. The furniture was unexpressive and depressingly conventional. I never knew another family of my own class whose apartments showed such an utter absence of taste — such a lack of even the remotest idea of art — as those of the Bismarcks. At Friedrichsruh it may have been even worse, both outside and inside. The frightful American pictures, photographs, and framed diplomas and testimonials hung against the dark, ugly wall-paper, above mahogany chairs upholstered in white patterned-cretonne, really tortured my sense of beauty. I can still see the Prince, in his long black over-coat and white neckcloth, enter the room and stand near my chair, his great eyes gazing dreamily and fixedly in front of him. Finally he muttered: 'Very peculiar,' much as a person nibbling a Württemberg soda-cracker might say: 'Tastes queer.'

I satisfied him much better as a diplomat, and that was what mattered. This utter absence of appreciation for the fine arts on the part of a man who, as a Prussian and through the Prussians, created the German Empire, could not fail to have a depressing effect upon artistic life in Berlin, for unquestionably the great Chancellor had a certain instinctive aversion to art. The fact that he occasionally enjoyed listening to a quiet, well-played piece upon the piano indicated no artistic appreciation or comprehension whatsoever. Even persons who hate music will occasionally feel a

certain physical satisfaction in listening to such music, especially after a hearty meal. My friend, Bernhard Bülow, belonged to that class.

I regretted deeply, in the interest of Germany, the complete failure of the interview between the Prince and Richard Wagner, although I anticipated what would happen. Wagner's works were for Bismarck a book with more than seven seals, and Wagner himself was a monkey to him. The habit of a lion to do only what pleases him, after he has become accustomed to feeling himself the strongest, explains why it was impossible for Bismarck to foster the fine arts. But if a man as great as he was is not a patron of the arts, that very fact makes him their enemy.

Pocula made up for *non cantare* in Bismarck's home. Eventually his beer evenings became the only form of domestic entertainment — a little narrow circle after supper of people 'that a man can trust.' Unquestionably, beer evenings were as indisputably German as they were popular. But they did not repair the injury to German art. What help was it that Anton von Werner or some museum director might be honored on such an evening with a short greeting or a shake of the hand? What aid was the great man's friendship for Lenbach — my intimate friend — who was liked by the all-powerful Chancellor, not on account of his artistic attainments, but on account of his sprightliness and wit? Something was lacking, and more than that, this something lacking meant an irreparable loss. Germany drifted away from her own peculiar culture and turned toward a politico-military 'Kultur' that in my opinion meant descending to something lower, instead of rising to something higher.

Under favorable conditions, the good Princess might have made the drawing-

room of the Chancellor's palace the centre and inspiration of an artistic era. But she was not strong enough to overcome the tacit and express coolness of her family circle to all that savored of art. Moreover, she was harried and worn out by her life of constant excitement with her great restless companion. Little things sometimes multiply into great evils, and eventually what was at first mere lack of appreciation for art developed into a kind of hostility.

In the immediate vicinity of the Imperial Chancellor's palace, which was No. 76 Wilhelmstrasse, stood the handsome old Court Ministry, at No. 73 in the same street. Despite all his efforts, Prince Bismarck never succeeded in driving the Court Minister, Herr von Schleinitz, from his place. The latter was a remarkably wise and prudent man, who stuck closely to his own business, never meddled in politics, and gave the great hater no opening to attack him. Furthermore, the old Kaiser was bound by ties of gratitude to the Schleinitz family, and had been an intimate friend of his Minister all his life. The old Empress, in her younger years, had had a tender affection for the handsome, talented man who now held this post. These relations filled Bismarck with the indelible distrust and dislike that were so characteristic of his nature. But the old Emperor's favor and the Empress's affection stood between him and the object of his wrath.

Now it came about that the Baroness von Buch, Mimi, one of the most prominent ladies in Berlin society, who possessed unquestionably the most brilliant mind and the best-cultivated musical taste of anyone in her circle, bestowed her fair hand upon the already aged Minister. Her mother had been married for a second time to the well-known Prince Hatzfeldt-Trachenberg. Mimi Schleinitz, therefore, sprang from the bosom of a family

famous for its marital complications, ardent affections, and bitter domestic discords. As I say, she married the Hausminister, Freiherr von Schleinitz, and took possession of the beautiful aristocratic apartments of his palace. This marriage was viewed by the Bismarck family with indignant and exasperated disapproval. The petty warfare they waged upon these neighbors was a succession of ridiculous episodes. The good and bad jokes, the allusions and innuendoes, the sarcastic and malicious smiles that the Bismarck circle bestowed upon the old Minister and his bride were anything but edifying. The Schleinitzes, however, held their tongues, and never allowed a hint of resentment or displeasure to escape them.

Mimi Schleinitz was an intimate friend of Richard Wagner and Madame Cosima, and it is due to her more than to anyone else that the Bayreuth Opera House was built and the Wagner Festival inaugurated there. She was a woman of boundless energy. This quality, her loyalty to her friends, and her willingness to defend them, whoever they were, combined with her other gifts, made her a truly remarkable woman.

The great drawing-room of the Court Minister's palace soon became the meeting-place of all the artists and art patrons of Berlin. Mimi Schleinitz was 'at home' every evening. In my younger days, I had made her acquaintance at the house of Countess Agnes Pourtalès, and had heard her play. She was a remarkable pianist. This old tie between us was now strengthened by our common friendship for the Wagners, and for Gobineau; and to tell the truth, I was a welcome guest at her salon for another reason — because I sang there the ballads I had composed and set to music.

Our hostess proceeded to make her home the most brilliant centre of art

and science in Berlin, and she attained her goal in a way that was gall and wormwood to her great neighbor. Menzel, Lenbach, Anton von Werner, Gustav Richter were constant visitors; Rubenstein and Tausig often sat at her piano. The great Niemann, Marianne Brand, and Désirée Artot sang their best songs. Helmholtz, Wildbrandt, and others listened to the music or were enticed by their tireless hostess into interesting conversations. Therefore it was quite natural that the Crown Princess, who later became the Empress Friedrich, frequently sought this circle, thus adding fuel to the wrath of the Bismarcks.

I have described this salon at length in order to emphasize the utter lack of contact with this world of art and beauty in Bismarck's home.

The political greatness of the Chancellor stifled every germ of art in his soul. Art seemed to him frivolous because it was not practically useful, in his opinion. Anton von Werner, who painted the frescoes in the Hall of Fame, served all the purposes of the ruling classes in the new German Empire. What need was there for other daubers? And Wagner! He had dared to condemn such ballets as *Nurmahal* and the charming *Flik und Flok*, where one hundred ballet-girls danced as Berlin firemen with almost as perfect precision as soldiers marching in an Imperial review. And then the charming 'Firemen's Gallop'! And this Wagner even dared to criticize *Les Huguenots!* What shameless presumption!

Count Heinrich Lehndorff, the well-known adjutant of the old Kaiser, a man of keen intelligence, high cultivation, and excellent taste, said that the Nibelungen trilogy would never appeal to Bismarck until it could be rode in a circus.

This reminds me of an episode at Villa Wahnfried at Bayreuth. On the

evening of the first presentation of *Parsifal*, Richard Wagner and I were talking together when a 'musical' officer, Count P—, interrupted us. 'I beg you to introduce me,' he said, and, turning to Wagner, 'I am very happy to meet you, Mr. Wagner. I am musical, too, and very fond of *Tannhäuser*. I have set the *Abendstern* for a trumpet quartette.'

'So?' said Wagner, and turned his back on us and disappeared.

The Crown Prince and his wife, whom the old Kaiser permitted to make purchases for the museums in order to give them something to do, kept quietly at their task in this discouraging atmosphere, and eventually created the present Kaiser Friedrich Museum. But they had to do this almost in secret, making most of their purchases in Italy under the close supervision of the Crown Princess, who was an excellent judge in such matters. The almost intolerable tension between Bismarck and the family of the Crown Prince made great precautions necessary. . . . So twenty years after the founding of the Empire we began to make weak, lame, and helpless efforts to do something for art. But scarcely had she begun to raise her head when she found herself displaced by sports, upon which William II, in spite of his Siegesallee and other hobbies, concentrated his main attention.

As a child and a youth in the beginning of the new era, I naturally considered Queen Augusta 'horrible.' How could I think otherwise? Everyone I knew abused her. How could I have formed an independent opinion? I lived in the circus of Berlin society. Everyone wore a uniform. In order to please old King William, the ballet nearly always appeared in military pantomime. Queen Augusta, however, never wore a uniform. If she attended a review, she wore the number of her

regiment on a little ribbon over her left shoulder. To be sure, she looked very aristocratic, very queenly, very estimable in every way when she drove through the streets with two outriders and her chief equerry galloping by her side. Indeed, she looked more the Queen than any other woman on the throne. That was my opinion at the time, and has remained so—even after I saw the Empress Friedrich reviewing her regiment on horseback in the *attilla* of the Black Hussars, with a dolman over her left shoulder and a high fur cap with an aigrette on her head. That was the way this Empress and Queen placed the seal of her approval upon the era of sport which even women took up in 1888. No vogue was ever more irrational, for the only physical culture the German people needed was already supplied by three years' universal service.

Empress Augusta, however, knew how to preserve her dignity and be all that was required of an Empress with the utmost simplicity. Nevertheless, in my early youth I thought her 'horrible.' My feelings changed when I was old enough to form my own opinions of that remarkable but lonely woman. Bismarck's sedulous attacks upon the Empress, and the campaign of underhanded slander that was directed against her, began to make me pause. But what completely changed my attitude was my personal acquaintance with the Queen at the time she became Empress. She had spoken to me with notable kindness on several occasions. During an audience with my mother she mentioned me very pleasantly and spoke of my friendship with Prince William. On a later occasion she invited me to visit her, and conversed with me and the Grand Duchess of Baden for more than an hour. That was in 1889.

Both ladies were in deep mourning.

The deathly pallor of the old Empress, who suffered from a long and painful illness, was emphasized by her black cap, beneath the brim of which her sharp, searching eyes shone like those of an eagle. She sat in an invalid chair by the window that looked out upon the bronze, equestrian statue of Frederick the Great. She said she wished to become better acquainted with me. We spoke of the young Kaiser, whom she loved tenderly, and upon whom she rested great hopes; then of music and literature. I described to her my impressions of Paris in 1881 as compared with 1869. We talked of modern and classical French literature and its decadence under Zola's influence, of the French theatre, and of modern drama. It evidently pleased the kindly old lady to have me talk about France. Had the gentlemen of the Guard suspected this, they would have stoned me. But I do not regret it, especially since the kindly old Empress died so shortly afterward, on January 9, 1890.

My growing interest in her, as I say, was due in no slight degree to Bismarck's constant attacks upon her. . . . Princess Augusta of Weimar was born in 1811, the daughter of the Grand Duke Karl Friedrich and the beautiful Princess Maria Pavlovna, the daughter of Emperor Paul of Russia, whom Goethe so admired. In 1829, Princess Augusta married Prince William of Prussia, who was fourteen years older than herself. She was eighteen, the Prince was thirty-two. That is a great difference in ages to an eighteen-year-old girl.

Weimar was at this time completely under Goethe's star. All the impressions of the Princess's childhood and early youth were those of the Goethe era, of the intellectual and artistic life of Weimar under the great poet's personal influence. In those days young ladies became débutantes at thirteen

years of age, and a marriage at eighteen was considered relatively late. In any case, Princess Augusta was for five years after her coming-out intimately associated with Goethe's life, work, and personality.

Princess Augusta — notwithstanding her French royalist milieu and intellectual interests, which the cosmopolitan Goethe in no way disapproved — by no means neglected Goethe's own writings. They were, so to speak, her daily bread. But it was quite natural that with her numerous French acquaintances she should become thoroughly familiar likewise with the great French poets then so popular in Southern and Western Germany. It is quite possible, even, that she eventually became more attached to Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Madame de Staël, and later Victor Hugo, than to Goethe himself. For Goethe was an old man, and she was still very young when she left Weimar for Berlin.

Her life struggle began the moment

she entered her new home. She had married into a world great on the outside and petty on the inside, and it remained so to her subconscious perception up to her death. Added to this was the change from the sunny South to the sterner and gloomier climate of the North. One may wonder, also, what effect the daily parade of the guards before her windows from 1829 to 1890 had upon her. Did not all these things drive her for relief to the Italian music to which she became more and more devoted?

The outer world into which she married was certainly greater than that of Weimar, and destined to become truly great. But the loss of the intellectual environment of Weimar, which in her happy childhood was the artistic and literary centre of Germany, would not have been entirely compensated for by her marriage even had it been a love match. But right there was the hardest part of her burden. Love was absent.

## THACKERAY AND HIS ANGLO-INDIANS

BY ROBERT SENCOURT

From the *Hindustan Review*, April  
(CALCUTTA MONTHLY)

FROM the day when Clive arrived in India in 1743, Englishmen began to associate their ideas of the wealth and splendor of the country with a moral and administrative problem. And so they have ever since considered it. They were outraged by Clive's rich contemporaries, who returned from the plunder of provinces to an English life of almost incredible ostentation, as

indeed Clive's was; and these Asiatic plunderers, as they were called, involved Clive's own honor in the scandals connected with themselves.

The next scapegoat was Hastings. It is one of the ironies of history that Hastings, who was the first administrator to associate himself with scholars interested in India, and who sought, as Clive had done, to purify the adminis-

tration of the Company, could only defend himself at the cost of maintaining traditions he deplored.

It is now one hundred and thirty years since the long trial of Hastings terminated in 1793. But all questions with regard to India which have arisen since that time arise out of the matters involved in the tremendous case. The problem of Indian religion arises from the study of the Sanskrit classics founded by Hastings's friends, Halhed, Wilkins, and Jones. Interest in the political problems, and the financial problem connected with them, has been little more than a response to the impassioned eloquence of Burke.

The problem of education arose when Charles Grant, among the ideals he cherished to combat the prevailing tone of the Company's servants from Hastings downward, conceived the idea of teaching Indian students in English. And the moral attitude of England toward India was argued out between Sidney Smith and Scott Waring, supported by Hastings, on the one side, and Grant's missionary following, among whom Heber was eminent, and by whom also Macaulay was inspired, on the other. Macaulay's contemporaries were fascinated by his gorgeous Indian essays, and to them, decorated as they are by brilliantly picturesque reminiscences of his Eastern experience, the mind of England has most often turned for its view of India. In passage after passage he has outlined and painted the Indian scene.

But if we look for that view of India which England took during the reign of Victoria, through her imaginative writers, we must turn to the pages of Thackeray, of Tennyson, and of Ruskin.

In Thackeray, the two types of Anglo-Indians who debated so keenly which was the right attitude toward

missionary endeavor come before us with the Newcomes, and a third and less admirable type is furnished in Joseph Sedley. *The Newcomes* begins with a vivid picture modeled on the life of Macaulay's progenitors at Clapham and their friends. In that company, where Grant was so welcome and Teignmouth so much admired, figures like Sophia Alethea Hobson were what one would expect to find. 'Her mansion at Clapham,' writes Thackeray, 'was long the resort of the most favored among the religious world. The most eloquent expounders, the most gifted missionaries, the most interesting converts from foreign islands were to be found at her sumptuous table, spread with the produce of her magnificent gardens. Heaven indeed blessed those gardens with plenty, as many reverend gentlemen remarked.'

Her uncle's name Zechariah was but another form of that borne by Macaulay's father. The work of Mrs. Venn or Mrs. Thornton was not unlike that of Mrs. Thomas Newcome: 'to attend to the interests of the enslaved negro; to awaken the benighted Hottentot to a sense of the truth; to convert Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Papists; to arouse the indifferent and often blasphemous mariner; to guide the washerwoman in the right way; to head all the public charities of her sect, and do a thousand secret kindnesses that none knew of, to answer myriads of letters, pension endless ministers, and supply their teeming wives with continuous baby linen; to hear preachers daily bawling for hours, and listen untired on her knees after a long day's labor while florid rhapsodists belabored cushions above her with wearisome benedictions; all these things had this woman to do, and for near fourscore years she fought her fight womanfully.'

It was a quaint fancy to make these

scenes the first home of a character modeled on the adventurous Thackerays of whom the author was born. Very likely the career of Macaulay, who went out to India just after Thackeray, coming of age, began to lose his money, had suggested envy and a little satirical treatment of the successful family; and the novelist's taste for history made him still more willing to study a company who affected India so deeply; but for the most part he drew Colonel Newcome from his own people.

The Thackeray family regarded the novelist's cousin, Colonel John Shakespeare, as the original of the famous character, and there is obviously something of Colonel Shakespeare's younger brother, Sir Richmond Shakespeare, who in 1840 delivered the Russian prisoners in Central Asia and in 1841 rescued the wives and children of the men who had been annihilated in Afghanistan, and of whom Thackeray wrote in the *Round-about Papers*: "Can I do anything for you?" I remember the kind fellow asking. He was always asking that question of kinsmen, of all widows and orphans, of all the poor, of young men who might need his purse or his service. His purse was at the command of all. His kind hand was always open. It was a gracious fate which sent him to rescue widows and captives. Where would they have found a champion more chivalrous, a protector more loving and tender?

And in Colonel Newcome also was there not something of two of Thackeray's less fortunate relations? Of Peter Moore, his grandfather's sister's husband, who retired to England with a great fortune and who, after making his Manor House at Hadley a centre for radical politics and after promoting many companies in the inflation of ten years after Waterloo, was ruined in

their ruin and, compelled to escape the debtors' prison by exile from England, died at Abbeville in 1828. Also of Richard Becher, his mother's kinsman, who, after living a life of unimpeachable honor, retired with a competence in 1774, and who lost it in trying to help a friend, and who, after holding a position in his earlier years next to that of the Governor, was allowed to return in his old age to earn a moderate living as head of the Calcutta mint, and who was killed by climate and disappointment a year after his return.

It was to these relations that Thackeray owed the success of his great sentimental character, the officer whose honor and innocence were such objects of devotion to the subjects of Queen Victoria. But there was another side to the Thackerays' qualities in many of them more like Clive and Hastings, which made them a little impatient with virtue the sentimentalism of which had not fortified itself against misfortune, and which revealed to the novelist himself the deficiencies of his affecting creation.

'He is a dear old boy,' Thackeray wrote to Miss Procter, 'but confess you think him something of a twaddler.' 'He is a twaddler,' adds Mr. Charles Whibley, 'who harmonizes very ill with his surroundings, even when all deductions are made for his training and for the many years he spent in India. He carries unselfishness to the point of unhumanity; his generosity, his kindness, his folly, are all too great for flesh and blood.'

But Newcome was not, as Mr. Whibley asserts, the 'travesty of a man'; he was merely a composite portrait of kinsmen, who must have been almost as trying to their more hardened relations as the poor Colonel is to Mr. Whibley. For the Thackerays of India, taking them as a whole, were by no means sentimentalists. The novel-

ist's grandfather, William Makepeace Thackeray, was the sixteenth child of a mother who, when he was eleven years old, became a widow, and who was thankful enough to get him a place in the Company.

This young man, at the age of seventeen, sailed for India with his mother's Family Bible (the clerical father had been headmaster of Harrow), in the same ship as George Grand, whose wife died in 1835 as Princesse de Talleyrand, to what Sir William Hunter has called the 'wild arena' of Bengal as it was before Clive returned to it for the last time. 'I believe he understands what he has learned as well as most young gentlemen of his age and experience,' his tutor had guardedly written to the Court of Directors: arrived in Calcutta he showed himself a good deal ahead of them. He retired at the age of twenty-six with a comfortable fortune, having married off, furthermore, two of his elder sisters.

Henrietta, three years older than her brother, was a beauty, who married the Chief of the Council at Dacca, a man who has since been forgotten; Jane, seven years older still, married a man who was not, and never could have been, a prominent official, and who is still remembered. 'If there's a sensible man in India, he will find out Jane,' her mother had said. She was found out by Major James Rennell, pioneer of geographical history, a contemporary of Vincent, whose *Voyage of Hearchug*, published in 1797, tended, like Rennell's own work, to revive interest in the history of Indian geography, as William Robertson in his *Disquisition on the Knowledge Which the Ancients Had of India* anticipated the work of McCrindle, Sir Aurel Stein, and Mr. Edwyn Bevan. All were predecessors of Sir Henry Yule and Sir Clements Markham.

Their daughter married Admiral Sir John Rodd two years before the novelist was born. A more distant descendant has lately been His Majesty's Ambassador in Rome, and has maintained the literary traditions of the family.

Rennell's first great work was the *Bengal Atlas*, published in 1779, a work necessary both to strategists and administrators; his second great work was an approximately correct map of India, which came out in 1783, after his return to England. He lived on for nearly fifty years, writing the *Geographical System of Herodotus, Topography of the Plain of Troy, Illustrations of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand*, as well as dissertations on St. Paul's Shipwreck, Babylon, the delta of the Ganges, and the travels of Mungo Park.

Nor was Rennell Thackeray's only family example in the connection of literary interests and India. His uncle, Charles Thackeray, was a journalist in Calcutta about the same time as the novelist was beginning to make his name, and at that time, drunken and rather a failure as Charles Thackeray himself was, the *Englishman*, the paper for which he was writing, was the chief newspaper in India. Another uncle was Francis Thackeray, a clerk in Anglican orders and a man generally interested in fairy tales: his *History of the Earl of Chatham* was that reviewed by Macaulay, and it is repeatedly quoted by Carlyle in *Frederick the Great*.

But interesting as this literary gift in his uncles is, it is not so important in the development of his work as the general Thackeray tradition which his grandfather had begun, making a fortune, shooting elephants in Sylhet, and marrying a beautiful girl, a granddaughter of a Captain in the Guards and an indirect descendant of the Webb who won Wynandael and was wounded

at Malplaquet, and of whom we hear rather too much in *Esmond*. The second son of this marriage, Richmond Thackeray, went to Eton in 1791 and became a Bengal Civil Servant in the year the *Lyrical Ballads* were published; and in 1803 he was officiating as Collector of Birbhum. He married, like his father before him, a beauty. This was in 1819. Thackeray was born the next year, and when he was four years old his father was buried in Calcutta.

Anglo-Indians from very early times have been united in loyalty to one another, and with a very extensive Anglo-Indian connection in the family, Thackeray could not but have had opportunities of making a study of the species in less pleasant types than his own gentlemanly family provided. He is, in fact, through Joseph Sedley and James Binnie, a remoulder of the sinister impression made in England by nabobs and never entirely forgotten. The first William Makepeace Thackeray had arrived in the very worst days of the Company's abuses, and he was never so much in love with the country that it could keep him after he was twenty-six years old.

The accounts he handed down to his family could not have been entirely favorable, and perhaps he himself made fun of such people as Joseph Sedley; for Sedley, though an insignificant figure, goes back to the days of Barwell and Holwell. He had had a bourgeois education, he had made enough money to swagger when he came back to England, but he was never *au courant* with the life of the capital. His idea of humor was to give people curry and chilies and see them ask for cold water afterward; he was always trying to seem like a gentleman and made himself still more gauche in doing so, and had cut off his sympathies with his early connections.

He was a new, a more innocent, but on the whole a more contemptible Matthew Mite.

The natives of India are satirized in the person of Rummum Loll, the fraudulent bank-director, who offers the guileless Colonel an investment which will treble his capital in a year. Newcome puts into it the greater part of his fortune, and it is not until Rummum Loll's sudden death necessitates an examination of the accounts that the old man finds he is ruined. There can be little doubt that Thackeray drew some hints for Rummum Loll's great social success in England, where he was greeted as 'His Highness' and 'His Excellency,' from the visit of Rajah Rammohun Roy, who, though he was in fact a very different person from Rummum Loll, was perhaps hardly estimated at his true worth by Anglo-Indians, who very likely did not understand the scope and value of the Brahma Samaj and may have thought of the great reformer as 'little better than a missionary.'

But Thackeray does justice to the striking appearance of the Hindu in England with the great turban wound round his head, the loose garments which swathed his body, the shawl over his shoulders spangled with gold, a heavy gold chain around his neck, and on his feet his pointed embroidered slippers. His dark complexion and black moustache curling upward added to the mysterious suggestions of his Hindu garb and made him a treasure to those who seek sensations. What a contrast to James Binnie, the Civil Servant, whose short legs were 'arrayed in a tight little pair of trousers, and white silk stockings, and pumps,' his smooth pink face above them 'shining like a billiard ball, his jolly gills rosy with good humor!' The contrast is worthy of Macaulay.

But Binnie was neither a joke nor a

scoundrel really. He is described as coming home with Colonel Newcome as a jolly young bachelor of two- or three- and forty, who had spent half his life in India and meant to enjoy the rest in Europe. 'The nabob of books and traditions,' Thackeray even says, 'is no longer to be found among us. He is neither as wealthy nor as wicked as the jaundiced monster of romances and comedies, who purchases the estates of broken-down Englishmen with rupees tortured out of bleeding rajahs, who smokes a hookah in public, and in private carries about a guilty conscience, diamonds of untold value, and a diseased liver; who has a vulgar wife with a retinue of black servants whom he maltreats, and a gentle son and daughter with good impulses and an imperfect education, desirous to amend their own and their servants' lives, and thoroughly ashamed of the follies of the old people.'

Thackeray's interest was more in persons than in outward scenes, and it was not often that memories of his early childhood in India, and the recollections of it that must have been revived by the gossip of his relatives, were clear enough to provide him with a picture. The India that Thackeray popularized was not the brilliant picture painted by Macaulay. It was the land of officers and officials who moved almost unconsciously through the dazzling scene. It was not so much the land of brandy-pawnee as of exiled though splendid officials and lonely mothers. It was the land of Ranjit Singh and the Bundelcuund Bank, of the treachery of Boggley Wallah and enlarged livers, and yet it was all the time a country of the Arabian Nights, dim but unforgettable, fascinating though far. It was the India of a hundred years ago remembered with the glamour of early childhood upon it.

## LORENZ AND 'THE OTHER WORLD'

BY FRANZ KARL GINZKEY

From *Pester Lloyd*, May 9  
(GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

RESI, the kitchen maid, did not hear the doorbell because of the noise she made with her dishes. Thus it happened that Frau Adelar herself opened the door. For a moment she was startled — almost terrified — for, instead of the postman she expected at this hour, she was faced by an unknown young soldier, sunburned and weatherbeaten as if he had just come from the trenches.

'Please,' he said, saluting her, 'is Resi home?'

'Ah!' said Frau Adelar. 'So you are Lorenz, the brother. That will be a great joy to her. Come in.'

She took him by his coat sleeve with her two fingers and pulled him through the dark vestibule into the kitchen. Upon seeing her brother so unexpectedly, Resi began to weep, with long, droning sobs. Lorenz sat upon the only kitchen chair and patiently stared straight ahead of him. Presently a hand organ began to play in the court-

yard. This added to Resi's emotion and she wept harder than ever.

It was well, therefore, that Resi's mistress finally returned to the kitchen, to suggest that Resi offer her brother a piece of cake and a cup of tea or a glass of wine. The beautiful and kindly lady chatted pleasantly with the young soldier, who wore a silver medal for bravery, hanging from a badly soiled red-and-white ribbon over his dilapidated overcoat. Where did he get this fine decoration? Down in Tirol. And in what part of Tirol was his company stationed? Up in the Fassaner Alps, seven hours' journey up from Predazzo. 'It must be awful,' exclaimed the lady. Lorenz shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. And how long a leave did he have this time? Eight days in all; to-morrow he intended to go home to Wöllersberg; he had come by way of Vienna so he could see Resi. But why was his coat in such a bad condition? That came from rubbing upon the rocks.

So far the conversation proceeded quite smoothly; but all of a sudden a man's voice softly sang near by:—

*'Nun zieh' ich aus fürs Vaterland, fürs Vaterland,  
Ich schweur es ja mit Herz und Hand, mit Herz und  
Hand,*

*O du, die mir so fern und nah,  
Mit Gloria, Victoria,  
O Mädel, küsse mich!'*

Frau Adelar blushed, nodded hastily to Lorenz, and left the kitchen before the song was over. Resi explained to her surprised brother that the singer was *der gnädiger Herr* himself, the head of the house; and that to-night would be the first performance of the new operetta called 'Keep hopping on one leg' or something like that. *Der gnädiger Herr* had been very excited to-day, because the tailor had not delivered his general's uniform in time; but at last it had come, and now the master was having a 'dress rehearsal'

all by himself — that's what he called it — so he would feel quite at home in his new clothes when evening came.

Lorenz wondered greatly at the profound knowledge his sister possessed of these complicated matters, and the question was on his lips, what a general could possibly have to do with a dress rehearsal, when the man himself appeared in the doorway in his full splendor. He wore a puffy jacket of red velvet, his slender legs were encased in red-silk tights, and a rakish cap adorned with a hawk's feather crowned his brown locks. His manner harmonized perfectly with his appearance. He showed himself to be a man of good breeding and humor as he jovially stretched out his hand and expressed his satisfaction at meeting Lorenz, a real soldier, while he, General Adelar, was a stage soldier.

Lorenz blushed without knowing why. Meanwhile Herr Adelar went out and returned with two blue tickets which he handed to Resi, saying that these were two gallery seats for her and her brother, and that they mustn't be late, because nobody would be let in after the piece began. Upon which he nodded benevolently to them and left the kitchen, resplendent in his crimson glory.

Lorenz examined the blue tickets and expressed the opinion that, since *der gnädige Herr* wished it, they probably ought to go; but that he really wanted to spend the evening with his sister talking about home and all the other things of which his head was full; also that he felt tired and wanted rest more than anything else. He said he had grown to be such a stranger in the world that he ought to begin all over again; and he thought it would be well to stay at home.

But at once Resi's countenance fell, and she protested that he had not the least idea of how beautiful such an

evening at the theatre would be. *Der gnädige Herr* himself would sing! After seeing it once, he would be unable to imagine anything finer in the world. Now she was going to heat her gas iron and press his overcoat, for it needed attention badly.

When the evening came, brother and sister sat together in the second gallery. A flood of festive light bathed the audience; elegantly gowned ladies and girls began to fill the seats. Lorenz, who had never before been to such a fine theatre, could not rouse himself from the sense of bewilderment that fairly stunned him. He could n't explain to himself what shocked him so in this buzzing beehive brimful of mirth. Perhaps it was the dim consciousness that had oppressed him ever since the war began, of some dark, awesome mountain overshadowing all that was still alive and moving on earth. This shining abode of happiness appeared to prove that after all things were quite different from that. It seemed now to him that all these highly respectable and estimable people had gathered under this shelter so that no outward tempest, no matter how universal and violent, might trouble their melodious and unperturbed felicity.

Those were Lorenz's half-conscious thoughts, which he could never have expressed in words. However, after a while his reflections were interrupted by the appearance of a black-coated gentleman, who quietly took his seat above the musicians' heads, rapped his little stick upon a pulpit, and spread out his arms as if to pronounce a benediction. Thereupon music followed that would do honor to any church choir Lorenz had ever heard in his native province. And as the curtain suddenly rose, he actually beheld Herr Adelar standing in the foreground. The 'General' flourished his sword and

sang about marching away for his Fatherland, and about having sworn to be loyal with his hand and his heart. But what dumfounded Lorenz most was a dozen slender, blossoming youths who stood behind the singer, whom Lorenz soon detected to be young women. They accompanied Herr Adelar's song in a well-trained chorus, moving their trim little legs in faultless rhythm with the music, to the right when he stretched out his right arm, and to the left when he stretched out his left — just at the moment when he sang about marching away for his Fatherland.

In spite of his bewilderment, Lorenz laughed good-humoredly over the fine discipline of the girls, which reminded him of his first days as a recruit, when he and his comrades were forced to go through similar exercises every morning from seven to half-past seven. The exercising of the trim little girls did not displease him; nay he even felt a trifle jealous of Herr Adelar, who had the whole dozen of them so splendidly disciplined that a mere move of his arm sufficed to make them perform like so many puppets! In fact, even Lorenz's simple mind grasped the fact that all the women who appeared upon the stage were unquestionably under the sway of the General's personality: to say it as plainly as Lorenz himself would have put it, things moved as smoothly as in a well-kept hen-yard, where each and all rotate around the omnipotent, the only one.

More than that: the spell reached far over the footlights and into the dimly lighted hall, where Herr Adelar's fascinating knightly appearance sent a thrill of rapture through many a female soul while he, for the seventh time, proclaimed that he was marching away for the Fatherland, and that he had sworn to be loyal with heart and hand. And when he finished, proudly

conscious of having thus reached the highest peak of excellence, a storm of applause burst from the audience. Lorenz saw whole fodder-buckets of flowers presented to the singer. This swept away any trace of doubt that might have lingered in his soul, that this red-white-and-gold theatre, and this brilliant audience, were a world apart, a world of joy perfectly isolated from the world outside — from the dark, gruesome world that was scourged with the tortures of war, want, and sorrow.

The poor lad was unable longer to content himself with mere contemplation of what was going on. He caught himself more than once murmuring to himself: 'You are a soldier! You are a soldier!' — without, however, understanding why he spoke these words. Perhaps it was also the fault of the many lights that blinded his eyes, and of the heavy air in the second gallery; but he felt more and more tired with every moment that passed. The music and the noises around seemed to numb his senses; and so, in the beginning of the third act, Lorenz quietly went to sleep.

'Hopla!' he heard his corporal say. 'Look out, fellows! It's coming now!' They lay, a company of thirty men, side by side in the snow-beleaguered blockhouse upon the mountain top. Now they shrunk together — their miserable hut itself seemed to cringe with terror, appealing for protection to the sombre rocks around. It came presently — with a howl that rose to a roar of thunder; the joints of the cabin creaked and groaned, and it was as if a pack of wild hounds chased around it, until the howling passed by and died away far off in the distance.

'Now then,' said the corporal, trying to buoy up the spirit of the company, 'this time it's luckily over. The d——d

avalanche! Summerregger, fool that you are, what's the matter with you? Are we soldiers or are we not?'

Summerregger was the youngest among them, a student. He was still sobbing — or rather he began sobbing louder when all was over. The rest were not guilty of such weakness — they had learned by this time that a soldier must keep a stiff upper lip. But about every eight days, after each heavy snowfall followed by a wind and freeze, such a white monster would plunge down from the peak. It would roll sidewise, avoiding their knoll just by a hair's breadth — but once it did take a corner of the cabin along with it. It was on that same night that the patrol did not return.

'Grabner!' Lorenz is presently called. 'Relieve the sentries!' And Lorenz gets up obediently, crawls into an enormous watchman's coat with goat fur on the outside, pulls a dogskin cap over his ears, and steps out into the blizzard. Oh, it's raging! It is only a hundred paces from the cabin to the observation post; but it takes an eternity to reach the spot. After thirty paces comes the 'bear-jump,' so named by the soldiers: at this spot they have to make a rush, heavy coat and all, ten paces across a ravine exposed to the full view of the Italians. Sometimes the latter shoot, sometimes not. Lorenz is safely across in five long leaps. So it's all right this time! He leans against the icy rock and looks around. What an immense stretch of whiteness! Before him lies half of Tirol with its well-guarded snowy peaks, and beyond — the jagged rocks of the wary foe. Let him wait, the Italian!

But Lorenz must continue his trip to the observation post. It won't do to glide down — that would be the last of him. Finally he stands by the side of the comrade who had the watch before him. Is there another outlook in the

world like this one? He has to creep through a hole in the snowbank, lie down in a tunnel of ice, and gaze through a small opening toward the enemy. It's only forty paces; and every now and then the cap of an *Alpino* sentry bobs up beyond the snow-ledge. And the white death stalks all around. The comrade whom he is relieving shakes with cold, in spite of his goatskin coat. Fifteen minutes lying down in the windy ice tunnel is about all a man can stand. 'I'll soon be as blue in the face as he is now,' Lorenz thinks.

'It's a dog's life,' the other soldier says.

'If we don't do it, who would, brother?' asks Lorenz, trying to keep up his spirits; but he feels almost equally downhearted himself. But now he must keep his watch and look out sharp, as becomes a good sentry.

The wind howls around the jagged edges of his icy retreat; a man is alone, utterly alone here — can ever a human

soul be as lonely as here? The other fellow, over at the Italian observation post, must be just as chilled by the wind, just as frozen, just as terribly lonely. But it serves him right! But heavens, what is this? The Italian sentry laughs at him brazenly, he emerges full length from his retreat, he waves his arms, he grimaces. . . . Lorenz flings his rifle in position. . . . But then a whole company of *Alpini* comes down upon him like a tempest. He shoots like mad, there is a terrible racket around him, something gets hold of his right arm. . . . And Resi's voice says: 'There, there, Lorenz! Now you've fallen asleep, have you?'

Yes, he had been asleep. The racket of the attack was nothing else than the mad applause of the hundreds and thousands of female hands, greeting Herr Adelar. The brilliant General is standing near the footlights and bowing, while more and more fodder-buckets of flowers are laid at his feet. . . .

## DAMASCUS AND BAALBEK

BY DOCTOR NORMAN MACLEAN

From the *Morning Post*, June 2  
(LONDON DAILY)

THE story is told that Mohammed in the early days when he was a camel-driver, seeing Damascus from a distance, refused to enter because a man could only hope to enter Paradise once. There is certainly no lovelier view in the world than that of the ancient city surveyed from the height of Es Salahi-yéh, on the lower slope of the Anti-Lebanon range, to the north of the

city. When we stood there the sun was sinking in splendor behind the Anti-Lebanon range. Damascus lay spread out below us, with its minarets and cupolas rising out of a sea all vivid green.

The sun's rays fall aslant, weaving a fairy gossamer veil over mosque and palace. It looks like a dream that visits the light slumbers of the morning — a dream dreamed but to vanish. What a

city of radiant shades, delicately blending one into another! Like great billows rolling away into the far distance, the green verdure goes tumbling toward the horizon until it spends itself on the desert. As clear as a tide mark, the green ends and the barren land begins, and that constitutes the surpassing beauty of Damascus. It is a city set in the midst of an oasis of verdure, with the shade of trees and the music of running water, begirt by the desert. Abana and Pharpar, the rivers of Damascus, have set that pearl in an emerald setting, and made it the joy of the East. No wonder the camel-driver, coming out of the sandy-yellow hills and seeing suddenly its splendor against the barren slopes, refused to enter — trembling for his soul!

The name Damascus means the abode of irrigation, and when one sees the waters scattered hither and thither creating riches and fertility, one realizes that never was a name more fittingly bestowed. The extraordinary thing is that, though the beginnings of the city are lost in the dim mist, yet in appearance the city is modern as if of yesterday. It is wonderful to recall here in the city so justly designated the 'Pearl of the East' that Eliezer, the steward of Abraham's household, was a native of Damascus. The Arab legend that Abraham was King of Damascus can be dismissed, but there is no doubt his eyes beheld this city — perhaps old even then — in the days when he went out from Ur of the Chaldees not knowing whither he went. The Tel-el-Amarna tablets record how in the fifteenth century B.C. Damascus was a vassal of Egypt, and how it was attacked by the Hittites. Captured by David, overcome by Assyria, the spoil of Greek and Roman, and Arab and Turk, yet Damascus has still the air of vitality. Through the ages it has renewed its youth like the eagle.

But what makes Damascus holy ground for Christendom to-day is the story that tells how a tentmaker, Saul of Tarsus, with the light of the fanatic in his eyes, was suddenly dazzled by an overwhelming light outside its gates. Revolutions do not occur in history without long preparation; and this man who could not shake off the dread sight of 'the blood of thy martyr Stephen,' nor the shining splendor of that dying man's face, nor the thought that a man who could face death like that was probably in the right, came at last to the crisis. In the heat and silence of that noon the soul of Saul was a battlefield, and the light that broke on him was the light within. The voice that pleaded, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' was the voice of his awakened conscience.

So he goes stumbling to the house of Judas, in the street called Straight, and there Ananias, putting his hand on his shoulder and saying, 'Brother Saul,' brought his reluctant feet into that Kingdom which is not of this world. What a great man that Ananias must have been. The bloodstained persecutor of yesterday he calls 'Brother Saul.'

It was Damascus that gave Christianity its interpreter; it was there the herald was found in that blinded Saul of Tarsus who enabled it to launch forth as a world religion. That is the glory of Damascus. . . . Of all the strange stories I heard, the one I liked best was this, which that Bayard of medical missions, Dr. Mackinnon, of the Scottish Hospital, used often to tell. An American narrated his day's sightseeing thus: 'I told the guide to show me everything regardless of expense, and I have seen everything — the street called Straight, the window where St. Paul was let down in a basket . . . and the house of Ananias, but I don't see why people make such a fuss over that blooming old *liar*.'

The story that I place second is that of this man's compatriot who, standing on a verandah overlooking the Sea of Galilee, suddenly turned to his host and said: 'Do tell me what is the name of that sheet of water?'

But Ananias of Damascus will ever hold a place in the records of the soul, because a breath from a warmer clime came into this poor embittered world when he placed a caressing hand on the persecutor and said, 'Brother Saul.'

In Damascus one can breathe the air of the Orient as he can nowhere else. It is the last entrenchment of all orthodoxies, the home of all lost causes. It was civilized when the West was yet sunk in savagery and barbarism. It lay under the blight of the Turk for centuries. When General Allenby came at last and delivered it, Damascus wondered why he abode two days in the gardens without entering the city. But he waited for Feisul; and lo! in its deliverance Damascus found itself consigned to the sway of an Arab. That is how the cup seems in all ages to have been dashed from this proud city's lips.

But King Feisul did not stay long; and now the French hold the gem of the East. . . . The street called Straight is as straight as ever, but its splendor is gone. The bazaars are filled with silks and carpets, and lovely inlaid work. . . . The shrines are as apocryphal here as in all the East. The subterranean chapel which the Franciscans dedicated to Ananias dates only from 1820. . . . The window by which St. Paul was let down when he escaped from the Jews — these inveterate and irreconcilable antagonists — looks modern enough. Someone told me that you could be shown the very basket for a little baksheesh!

But the most interesting sight I saw was the great factory which produces the beautiful Damascus goods which go over the world. In that great work-

shop I saw the sad spectacle of little children hard at work hammering brass and inlaying mother-of-pearl. One child of four years worked there with no thought of ea'canny; one boy of nine lay asleep in the chips with his tools in his hands. I asked the official who showed us round what the hours of work were. 'Ten hours a day,' he replied in a matter-of-fact tone, taking it all as a matter of course. A child of four — and ten hours' work! There's the gulf between East and West. And yet it was only Lord Shaftesbury who put an end to things like that in this same England of ours. But our guide calmly said of these little children, 'What else is there for them to do? There are no schools.'

There is only one great sight in Damascus, and that is the greatest mosque in the world, Djamia el Oumâoui. The soul of all ages meets there. Out of the materials of a pagan temple the Christians built a great basilica, and the Turks transformed it into a mosque, and there it abides to this day. Probably Naaman the Syrian came here with his master leaning on his arm, and while the one worshiped Rimmon, the other worshiped the God of Israel. The size of this mosque impresses the heart — four hundred and thirty-two feet long by one hundred and twenty-five feet wide. The remains of the Christian Church are still discernible. The transept with its lovely triple bay-window, and the west walls, are Christian. The two rows of Corinthian pillars that divide the building are most imposing. Between the third and fourth pillar is a beautiful little temple of white marble, beneath which reposes the head of John the Baptist. It rolled of itself all the way hither when St. John was beheaded at Machaerus, or Tiberias (as is the more likely).

One likes to hear stories like these.

They link the believers in flying houses, rolling heads, and dancing tables into a unity that makes the centuries one in a manner that delights the imagination.

But the thing that moved my own heart most was the Christian inscription still legible above the three-bayed Roman doorway that led into the southern transept. Above the central arch the Christians inscribed in Greek: 'Thy Kingdom (O Christ) is an everlasting kingdom, and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.' Faint and faded, the words still fling out their challenge and their prophecy. . . . When the splashing of the fountains shall fade in remembrance, and the marvelous blue and purple of the tiles, and the fluttering of the pigeons' wings, and the mystery of the close-shut houses with no window to the street, the memory of that challenge will abide. Who knows but yet the wheel will come round full circle!

In the cool of the early morning we left Damascus, having satisfied all legitimate suspicions as to the possibility of our being dangerous characters. Along the banks of the Barada, that river of gold, the car hurried to the great gorge down which it flows. One last look — and there lies the city gently slumbering in the morning light, minarets and cupolas, cream-colored and golden, emerging out of emerald green. Like a mirage it will all glow again and again in visions of the night.

Out of the green the car passes suddenly and abruptly into brown, barren, solitary hills, and steadily climbs up and up the deep gorge to the watershed of the Anti-Lebanon range. Then down again into the great valley between the Anti-Lebanon and the Lebanon ranges. Along that valley marched innumerable hosts, and nations went along it weeping into exile. Villages dot it here and there, and the fertile

land is green with the growing crops. But it is toward the great columns of Baalbek that our eyes are turned. At last, after four hours' steady going, we saw them emerge on the far horizon. In other days, it seemed a long march to reach them after seeing them afar. But the motor-car has annihilated space.

At noon we reached Baalbek — the town of the sun. The streams fed by the melting snows on the high hills sang among the orchards, and ran along the foundation of the ruins that are a marvel to the world. But dominating, dwarfing the little town of five thousand inhabitants, rise the six pillars of the Temple of Jupiter, defying time, and proclaiming to each passing generation the glory of the ancient days. So stupendous is the impression these gigantic ruins make that the inhabitants refuse to admit that human hands could have built them. The demon Eshmudi alone could have built the temples and town of Baalbek!

It is old as time, this town in which Baal was worshiped in the long dead days. The Greeks changed the name of Baalbek into Heliopolis — the town of the sun. Julius Cæsar gave it the name of his daughter, Julia. The present ruins — of temples built on the site of older temples — were the work of the Romans in the early days of the Christian era. They went on building them until the end of the third century. It was the last effort of paganism to establish itself forever while the tide that was to sweep it away was gathering itself together for the onrush.

An inscription on the Propylæum runs: 'To the great Heliopolitan Jupiter, to Venus and Mercury, gods of Heliopolis, for the safety and victories of our happy and august Lord, Antonius the Pious. . . . Aurelius Antonius, Captain of the First Legion, has had the two bronze capitals of these columns richly

gilded at his own expense to fulfill a vow.' . . . But Constantine the Great brought the work to a temporary end, and Theodosius to an abrupt and final end. So there they stand to-day, temples and pillars and strewn capitals — the monument of an age long dead. But what an age to have left such a monument!

Of all the temples, that of Bacchus is the best preserved. It is yet only a shadow of what it was, for Arabs have used it as a quarry, and Turks have shamefully despoiled it, and earthquakes have flung stones and pillars into masses of strewn masonry. The northern front of the temple still retains nine of its fifteen pillars. On the southern side a column leans against the wall. The sides of the door are beautifully carved with ears of corn, poppies, vines, Cupids, and Fauns bearing bunches of grapes.

To stand there and look along the vista of the temple is to be overwhelmed. No words can express the warfare of beauty and decay, of the handiwork of man, and the crumbling of time, that goes on ceaselessly there. The color of warm gold streaked with brown is a joy to the eye. And there the column, displaced by an earthquake, leans ever against the wall.

The glory of Baalbek is, however, the Temple of Jupiter or of the gods of Heliopolis. The temple was surrounded by nineteen columns on each side and ten at each end. Of the fifty-four, there are six still standing. They rise sixty-six feet high from the base to the top of the Corinthian capital. Each is made of three great masses of stone. A glorious architrave surmounts them, with carvings of roses and little lions. Looked at against the sky, these columns burn in on the mind an overwhelming impression of man's creative power.

One cannot imagine what the fifty-

four columns would have looked like. Perhaps the six standing there, solitary, bereft, watching over the wreckage of time, speak to us as they could not do if their companions still remained. They are the heroes without compare that have defied the shaking of the earth and the vandalism of all the Philistines. Rome itself has nothing to compare with them. What an Empire that must have been that here, in this remote outpost in the days of her decay, erected such a manifestation of her vitality and her spirit. The snows of the Lebanon melt in summer heat; Empire succeeds Empire — and they abide. These ruins are the spirit of man carved in stone — and the spirit alone remains constant in the flux of years.

But I may as well confess that it was when we were leaving Baalbek that I received the most amazing impression. We told the chauffeur to stop at the quarry whence the great stones came, and he did more — he ran us into the quarry, and drew up the car beside a vast block of stone perfectly hewn and chiseled, but which was not completely severed from the living rock. There it lies, almost ready for removal, sixty-nine feet long, thirteen feet and ten inches high, sixteen feet wide, ready for its place in the enclosure wall of the Temple. It has been calculated that it would have taken 40,000 men to move that enormous mass. While it was being got ready the world that was shaping it passed away. How these stones were transported is a secret no man has fathomed. That stone, lying slanted there, hewn and squared, is one of the wonders of the world. . . .

Thus, with an imperishable memory of the deeds wrought by the hands of man, with a new realization of the majesty of his spirit, we crossed the plain and climbed the Lebanon, and so, down again, came in the fading light to Beirut.

## THE PEONY IN JAPANESE LIFE

BY MADAME YUKIO OZAKI

[*This is a companion article to 'The Chrysanthemum in Japanese Life,' by the same author, published in our issue of January 20, 1923.*]

From the *Japan Advertiser*, May 20  
(TOKYO AMERICAN DAILY)

THE month of May ushers in a host of beautiful flowers delighting the soul of the beauty-lover, and the first of all to be acclaimed as supreme in the garden is the *botan* or tree peony. When the season is warm and the sun gracious the tree peony begins to unfold her buds toward the end of April. Reversely each year toward the end of April and in the beginning of May, I visit the sequestered garden of the peonies in Tokaiji, the Temple of the Eastern Sea, near my home in Shinagawa. When Western friends ask me to show them something truly Japanese, I invite them to see the display of *botan* in the courts of this beautiful old Buddhist temple, so near and yet so far from the madding crowd.

Oh, that the soul of beauty would endow the pen of her devotee with the power to paint fairly the marvels of bloom that reward the handsome abbot's year of devotion to the culture of his favorite flower. This gorgeous floral display is greatly enhanced by the graceful architecture and long sloping roofs of the temple, the austerity of the priests' robes and demeanor, and the deep greenery of the surrounding avenues, all of which form an entrancing background.

Passing under the massive gateway the visitor enters the wooded precincts of Buddha's sacred courts; here the great bell-tower confronts him and conveys the impression of immutable

solemnity. When one obtains permission at the portal of the holy edifice, the acolyte in charge removes the heavy wooden bar from the gate which opens wide into the recesses of the garden.

Following the path round the holy fane one is led through still another tiny bamboo gate embowered in foliage. This gives entrance to the peony parterres. When my enraptured gaze first fell upon those brilliant masses of noble flowers I held my breath in silent ecstasy, marveling at their unimaginable beauty.

I gazed and gazed but little thought  
What wealth to me the show had brought;  
For oft, when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon that inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude.  
And then my heart with pleasure fills

and I dream of my peonies and the soul-stirring rhythm of the Magnificat they raise to the morning sun in the glorious and universal language of the prism.

Tossed up to the blue dome of heaven, a sea of magnificent blossoms suddenly and triumphantly bursts upon my sight. In the delicious freshness of the still morning hour, great globes of carved alabaster gleam in the sun, miniature whirlpools of virgin snow fresh and unsullied from the magical hand of nature — side by side with riotous blossoms of ruby crimson. There are glorious spheres of pas-

sionate carmine and cerise glowing resplendently with hues as deep as those which flush the sky to tropical glory at the hour of sunset; there are pinks as delicate as the tinting of a maiden's first blush or the lining of a cold sea-shell lying on the sand. There are variegated blooms in which the color deepens at the core to a deep oleander, while the outer edges of the involuted delicate scalloped border of the carolla pale to pearly white, as if bled and chilled by contact with a harsh world, an experience spared the more sheltered and happy heart of the flowers.

Last year my friend the abbot, who at times instills into my mind some of the ten precepts of philosophy, led me to contemplate the beauty of a superb trophy of the temple garden growing near the verandah of his cloister. 'This,' said the learned man, 'is a black peony!'

'A black peony!' I ejaculated in surprise; 'never have I heard of a black peony!' And I stooped in wondering curiosity over the rare specimen to examine it carefully. What met my eager gaze were very dark marooned flowers, the tone of color deepening toward the centre of the petals and the heart of the corolla. With a little willing stretch of the imagination a connoisseur might easily call it a black flower. It was, however, a deep claret-red with darker veining. This year for some reason or other the black peony produced only red flowers, much to the disappointment of the abbot. The owner of the celebrated peony garden who has carried on the cultivation of peonies for four generations at Yotsume in Hongo made the same complaint to me — the black peony had the seat of honor in the alcove but the flowers were not really what could be called black.

Every spring finds me wandering

thus in this veritable paradise of flowers, the garden of peonies of Tokaiji. In one of the temple enclosures the beautiful botan are planted among the tombstones, cupolas, and sarcophagi, the still, cold grayness of the classical monuments, reminders of death, throwing into bold relief the ephemeral brilliance of the radiant flowers, so symbolic of the miraculous renewal of life in the spring.

The leisurely and delightful inspection of the glorious flowers over, the kindly and stately abbot invites the visitor to celebrate the æsthetic communion of the peonies in the drinking of a cup of Orchid Tea. The exquisite delicacy of the rite is an exotic ravishment that lifts one away from this dull, earthly, flesh-bound world on the wings of pure enchantment and ethereal perception of certain worshiped ideals of the Oriental mind. To partake of Orchid Tea in a Buddhist temple, gazing down on a sea of peony blossoms, — the sheen of a myriad silky petals of all shades of pink, carmine, and crimson, of ivory and snowy white, reflecting the glory of the sun and the joy of life, — registers an exaltation incomparable and indescribable, the palpable 'transfiguration of the earth into heavenly bowers.'

The cult of the peony was introduced from China in the eighth century according to one account, but it did not become the vogue in aristocratic and Court coteries till the twelfth century. The Japanese name for the flower was *fukami-gusa*, and there are said to be five hundred varieties. It is recorded that in the reign of the Emperor Sutoku (1124–1142) his distinguished vassal Tadamichiko composed a poem commemorating the fact that he had spent twenty days watching the peony bud unfold till the full-blown flower scattered its silky petals. Perhaps it is this old poem

that has given it the name of the 'Twenty-Days Plant.'

The root is used medicinally, old-fashioned folk claiming that when cut up, and an infusion extracted by boiling, it cures neuralgia. The Greeks, too, believed in the medicinal properties of the peony, for we read that *paeon* was an epithet of Apollo and first used in Homer as the name of the physician to the gods. In Japan the petals are considered edible and are steamed and flavored with soy, or salted something in the same way as those of the yellow chrysanthemum.

Peonies are seen at their best in the early morning. Especially when bepearled with dew at this hour they shed their golden hearts and souls — for peonies are believed to have souls — in perfume which ascends like incense heavenward. To many the scent is too heavy and strong; others raise their hands to express their delight in its ineffable quality; for myself I prefer it at some distance wafted on the wings of a gentle breeze. The span of a peony's life is said to be eighteen years; from that time on its vigor declines, while the age of its best florescence is attained after a period of seven years.

A Chinese legend describes a wonderful peony that changed its color with every succeeding period of the day. The blossom greeted the rising sun vested in crimson; by noon it had changed to blue; in the afternoon it turned to yellow, and again when the shades of evening fell it emulated the pallor of the Queen of Heaven and became white. What a romance might be woven round the changing hues of this phenomenal peony! The quest of English horticulturists is to produce a blue peony — so far all their efforts have failed. Let them proceed to China and study their ancient books in which there are to be found draw-

ings of this marvel — the blue peony.

The Chinese call the peony the king of flowers, and in art and decoration it is always associated with the lion, the King of Beasts, just as the bamboo is inseparable from the tiger. Only the other day a lady friend unfolded her black *haori* and I caught sight of the beautiful lining. It was a cluster of white peonies with yellow centres outlined in sepia on a white damask silk and thrown against the mane of a lion as imaged by a *no* mask in a shock of scarlet hair. The harmony of strength, nobility, and magnificence in the animal world matching and calling forth strength, nobility, and magnificence in the floral realm was thus artistically symbolized; the power of the pictorial contrast was a startling and telling one, while the combination of the attributes was most striking.

There is a popular *Dodoitsu* song, despised by the élite as vulgar, which likens the poses of a beautiful woman in sitting and standing to the botan, or *Paeonia moutan*, and to the *shakuyaku* or *Paeonia albiflora*:

*Tateba shakuyaku  
Suwareba botan;  
Aruku sugata wa  
Yuri no hana.*

Like to the shakuyaku when standing,  
My lady, and fair as the botan, sitting,  
But the grace of her figure in walking  
Is as bewitching as the lily!

In all countries the poets love to compare the beauty of women to flowers, and Japan is no exception to this rule.

The Chinese Emperor Genso and his favorite Yokiki according to history were devoted to peonies, and the celebrated poet, Li Pei, likened the voluptuous beauty of Yokiki to the peony. The tragic infatuation of the Emperor Genso for Yokiki is related in the epic of the Cho-kon-ka, or *The Never-*

*Ending Wrong.* The willful extravagance of Yokiki and Genso's delirious love for her wrought the downfall of the realm and Yokiki's own death at the hands of mutinous soldiers. The path in the royal gardens where Yokiki sauntered to admire the adored flowers was laid down with stepping-stones of golden lotus cups so that her dainty feet never touched the earth, and the balustrade on which the beauty leaned to admire her peonies was carved from the rarest scented wood. This story is always used to 'point a moral and adorn a tale.'

There are beautiful stories that tell of the spirits of peonies that assumed human shape to reward the devotion of those who loved and cared for their plants. Like the Greeks of old, the Japanese have believed in flower spirits and tree spirits. Lafcadio Hearn relates the story of an old scholar, Busanshi by name, who spent all his spare time in the cultivation of peonies. His love for this flower was an absorbing one. One day a beautiful maiden appeared at his house and entreated to be taken into his service. Busanshi, whose heart was touched by her rare beauty and unfortunate circumstances, acquiesced and to his surprise found her vastly superior to the ordinary maid-servant. Imagine the scholar's delight when he discovered that his new acquisition was a very accomplished person with literary taste and calligraphic ability. Busanshi's admiration ere long became an

infatuation, and he always called for this paragon of girls to help him entertain and wait upon his guests, who were invariably fascinated by her unusual charm and grace.

At last one day when Busanshi was visited by a famous teacher of moral doctrine, Teki-Shin-Ketsu, as usual he summoned the new maid to wait upon his guest, but she failed to appear though he called again and again. Busanshi, vexed and wondering what the matter could be, searched everywhere for the favorite in vain, when suddenly he saw her willowy form fleeing before him along the corridor. As he came up with her she sank back against the wall, flattening herself like a spider, and while Busanshi gazed in utter astonishment she faded from before his eyes, until nothing remained visible but a painted shadow on the plaster.

In a whisper her shadowy lips breathed this last message to her devoted and bewildered patron: —

'Pardon me that I did not obey  
Your august call! I am not  
A human person; I am only  
The soul of a peony. Because  
You loved peonies so much I  
Was able to take human shape,  
And to serve you. But now  
This Teki-Shin-Ketsu has come, and  
He is a person of dreadful propriety.  
And I dare not keep this form any  
Longer. . . . I must return from whence I  
came.'

And Hearn relates that Busanshi never saw her again.

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### SHEEPSTOR

BY L. A. G. STRONG

[*Observer*]

THE little granite church upholds  
Four pinnacles like holy hands,  
A missioner proclaiming God  
To ancient unbelieving lands.

Long time it dared the indifferent hills  
Childlike, half frightened, all alone,  
Lest chink of matin bell offend  
The mother of its quarried stone.

Now, proven at last, it guards its peace,  
Yet may not sleep, remembering  
How on the moor above it stand  
Stone row and mound and pagan ring.

### A DAY'S WALK

BY ERIC CHILMAN

[*Sunday Times*]

WHEN I set out a-walking  
A cloud was on my way;  
The river moved in shadow,  
The early Strand was gray.

The cloud, it followed westward  
Without a break of blue;  
At Putney the cloud lifted;  
I felt the sun at Kew.

When I came home a-walking,  
A single star was bright.  
Sun-weary, cloud-forgetting,  
I blest the London night.

### THE FERRY

BY ARTHUR L. SALMON

[*Observer*]

ASK not an obol, Charon, when you  
bend  
Your oars to bear me to the further  
shade.  
I gave my tribute when I gave my  
friend:  
The fare is paid.

### BROTHER HATE

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

[*Saturday Review*]

EVERY morning past my gate  
Stiffly walks the man of hate,  
One who cannot wish me well:  
In his heart he carries Hell.

Which of us — in that fire —  
Tortured by what dark desire,  
Burns the better — he or I?  
Which is there more like to die?

There I watch, of narrowed mind,  
One so grudging to be kind,  
That with every passing day  
Good will he throws away.

There in his dark hate I read  
How, to loneliness decreed,  
Stubborn-footed, narrow-eyed,  
Goes the desert-heart of pride.

But, if thus from him I learn,  
Must I not the nearer turn  
To that Lover, from whose Heart,  
Fearful still, I stand apart?

And, as on that hate I look,  
Read therein the open book  
Of another blinded soul —  
One that wills not to be whole?

Aye: because my pride is still  
Harsh controller of my will,  
Better 't is for me each day  
Not to wish his hate away.

Here alike, blind souls, we go:  
I, his friend: and he, my foe.  
Every morning past my gate  
There go I with Brother Hate!

Sure, if Hell were void of use  
For the slaves that Love would loose,  
Could it show so stinging bright  
Underneath the morning's light?

## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### ELEONORA DUSE IN LONDON

THE return of the great Italian actress, Eleonora Duse, to London has been accompanied by plaudits from practically every critic in the British capital. Only the Ministry of Labor and the Passport Service failed to appreciate her coming.

In view of recent British complaints with regard to the methods and conditions at Ellis Island, the obstacles thrown in the way of Signora Duse make interesting reading for Americans. The greatest tragic actress alive to-day was compelled to stand in line for half an hour to be examined by an official who seemed never to have heard of her. Before she was allowed to enter the country she was required to present certificates signed by British subjects to the effect that her 'work' could not be performed by anyone in the United Kingdom — a fact which would be apparent to anybody but a government official. The London *Outlook* calls the whole procedure 'Baby-lonish activity' on the part of the Government and thinks that 'it stamps us, no less than the Americans, as Stone Age barbarians.'

Signora Duse first came to the attention of the British public in 1886, when a few British travelers saw her as a very young actress playing in a very mediocre drama in Rome. At that time Signora Duse was only twenty-seven, but was already known throughout her own country. Her reputation had not yet spread across the Alps and in Vienna in 1892 she acted *La Dame aux Camélias*, in which her fame eventually equalled the Bernhardt's, to an empty house. It was her first appearance there. That artistic capital was

quick to recognize a genius, however, and on the second night there was not even standing-room in the theatre. From that time on her success was continuous.

Signora Duse comes of a family of actors. At one time eighteen members of her immediate family, assisted by nine relatives, formed a company of strolling players under the leadership of Luigi Duse, grandfather of Eleonora Duse, who was well known in his time as a Venetian dialect actor.

Among the plays in which she has just appeared in London are Ibsen's *Ghosts*, *Cosi Sia* (*Thy Will Be Done*), by Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti, and a less-known Ibsen play, *The Lady from the Sea*. A fair sample of the eulogies of the British critics is this one taken from a long article in the *Observer* by Mr. St. John Ervine, who is not inclined to bestow praise except where he thinks it is due:—

Some say they prefer not to see artists after they have passed their prime, but for my part I would go miles to see even the faded signs of greatness. Not that the greatness of Duse is in a decline. Here she is, in an alien country, acting in a difficult and static play, on a sultry afternoon, before reach-me-down scenery, to an audience mainly composed of persons who do not understand one word she is saying — and she succeeds, without any appearance of effort, in making them surrender to her. There were periods in the play when she enabled us to dispense with language. It was not necessary for us to understand what she was saying, because we understood what she was feeling. The greatest feat which an actor can perform is to take an audience beyond the barriers of speech. It is this feat that Signora Duse performs.

## MASEFIELD'S NEW TRAGEDY

MR. MASEFIELD's new play, which has not yet appeared in print, has had its first performance in the new theatre at Oxford. The play is called *The Tragedy of Jezebel*, and it treats of Ahab's queen—who for long generations has been held up to the execrations of the faithful—as a woman of regal and dominating soul transplanted from a highly developed civilization to the court of a semibarbarous people and married to a contemptible king. Mr. Henry W. Nevinson, writing in the *New Statesman*, says:—

One might compare her readily with Medea, coming in all her beauty and passion from magic Colchis to be thrust aside by the Jason whom she had delivered. Or with Mary of Scots, coming from Paris to her feeble husband and the cantankerous Philistines who were her subjects.

Mr. Masefield avoids the mistake of transforming her into a model queen. Jezebel as he presents her would make a very bad wife for a bishop. Living in an age of blood and violence, she is herself bloody and violent, but throughout the play she remains the one really big mind and the dominating personality.

The new play suggests Euripides and sometimes seems to owe something to Gilbert Murray's translations. Mr. Masefield has excelled himself in some of the lyric passages.

The first production was by the Hill Players, a company which Mr. Masefield and his wife have organized at their home in Berkshire just south of Oxford. The actors are not people of the sort whom for some reason it is fashionable nowadays to call 'intellectuals.' They are countrymen of the district, supported by a few shopkeepers and artisans from Oxford. At least one critic whose opinion is worth heeding speaks very highly of the acting and pays especial tribute to the man, in

private life an ironmonger, who played the part of Naboth.



## M. PADEREWSKI ABROAD

M. PADEREWSKI is something more than a pianist. He is almost an international institution, and his return to Europe has been greeted with the usual crop of anecdotes about him. As is likely to be the case with Paderewski stories, some of them are ingenious plays on words—not necessarily puns. The best story current in America deals with the great pianist and a hypothetical polo-player who, having been introduced to M. Paderewski, ventured the banal comment that their paths in life were very different. Whereupon the Polish pianist is said to have replied: 'Oh, not at all. You're a dear soul who plays polo, whereas I'm a poor Pole who plays solo!'

Of the same genre is this enlivening little tale, which comes from the London *Morning Post* and concerns another great artist as well as M. Paderewski:—

M. Jean de Reszke once paid a witty compliment to his famous fellow countryman, who gave a recital in Paris on Saturday. At a dinner-party where he was present another guest put the somewhat tactless question, 'Who is the most popular artist on the musical stage?' 'Pas de Reszke,' flashed back the great tenor, thus punningly denying his own claim, and in its stead asserting that of M. Paderewski.



## VOICES FROM THE PAST

A CARELESS statement in an English newspaper that only one phonograph record of Lord Tennyson's voice has been preserved has led to a press controversy which reveals the existence of a surprising number of these records. The present Lord Tennyson has several records of his father's voice and an English gramo-

phone firm possesses another. Gladstone's voice has also been preserved on a record taken in 1890, which has since become very indistinct.

In this same year a number of other people had their voices taken, among them Florence Nightingale, P. T. Barnum, Mrs. Browning, and Henry M. Stanley, the explorer of Africa. Lord Tennyson's record consists of a few lines from the 'Burial of the Duke of Wellington.' Gladstone's record is part of a speech that was to be conveyed as a message to a meeting in New York. Florence Nightingale's voice is very clear, with an unexpected sturdiness, and the message is touching: 'God bless my old comrades at Balaklava and bring them safe to shore.'

Equally characteristic is P. T. Barnum: 'I congratulate the world through the medium of that wonderful invention, Edison's phonograph, that my voice, like my show, will reach future generations and be heard centuries after I have joined the great and, as I believe, happy majority.' Even Queen Victoria at one time had her voice recorded. The record was to be sent to King Menelik of Abyssinia, but it was accompanied by a decree that the record must be destroyed after the King had heard it.



#### EXPLAINING MUSIC TO SAINT-SAËNS

In his new volume, *My Notebook at Home and Abroad*, which has just appeared in London, Mr. Harry de Windt tells a very amusing story about Saint-Saëns.

'I retired after dinner to the smoking-room, where I found only one occupant, a venerable, white-haired individual wearing a skullcap, and thoughtfully smoking a long, thin cigar. The room contained a piano, and, having obtained a polite nod of permission from my solitary com-

panion, I sat down to the instrument, and wandered into a plaintive Song of Exile, which I once heard in the prisons of Siberia.

"Play that again," murmured a soft voice in French behind me; and I did so, endeavoring to explain, at its conclusion, the subtle beauties of the melody to this lonely old Frenchman, who, as I rashly assumed, was no musician.

"Shortly afterwards we parted, and before retiring I inquired of the hall porter the name of my silent old friend.

"*Mais comment! Vous ne savez donc pas, monsieur!*" cried the latter; "*mais, c'est l'illustre compositeur, le grand maître, Camille Saint-Saëns.*"



#### SIMPLIFYING JAPANESE WRITING

A JAPANESE commission has just published a list of a little more than one thousand Chinese characters for common use by the Japanese people. Where the Chinese make an exclusive use of ideograms, the Japanese employ a combination of ideograms and phonetic script. The present simplification is an effort to reduce the number of ideograms required.

These symbols must be committed to memory, and the number required is a serious stumbling-block to school children in Japan, where education, on this account, requires longer than in Western countries. Osaka *Mainichi* suggests that reform had better begin with the government offices, which have the bad habit of using the most difficult old-fashioned characters in official documents.



#### THE ABBEY OF PONTIGNY

A UNION for Truth, — L'Union pour la vérité, — a curious adaptation of the conference idea, founded at his home in the old Abbey of Pontigny by M.

Paul Desjardins, has resumed its summer sessions, which were broken off by the war, during which the Abbey was used as a hospital. The Abbey belonged to an old Cistercian monastery, which during its most prosperous days counted five hundred monks among its inhabitants and held sway over five thousand vassals. This was the home of Saint Bernard, preacher of the Crusades, and it was here that Saint Thomas à Becket had the vision that sent him back to England and martyrdom.

In such surroundings M. Desjardins assembles his guests for conferences which are thus described by Mr. William Martin in *La Semaine Littéraire*:

The conversations at Pontigny are neither lectures nor discussions nor colloquies. The men that join the family circle of M. Desjardins — the living centre of the work — do not bring with them any preconceived ideas, any proselyting zeal, or any superior airs. Some bring experiences peculiarly their own, all bring the desire to learn. That is enough to produce long and fruitful conversations among agreeable men of diverse nationalities.

The men who attend are drawn from France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Norway, Denmark, England, and before the war from Germany. André Gide, of *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, Paul Hymans, Albert Thomas, and Georges Duhamel are among the scores who have been at these informal but highly stimulating gatherings.



#### SIR WILLIAM ORPEN EXPLAINS

In the current issue of the *English Review*, Sir William Orpen, whose painting, 'To the Unknown British Soldier in France,' has aroused an artistic and critical storm of respect-

able dimensions, ventures the following apologia:—

'I cannot understand all the controversy and discussion that this picture has aroused. As far as I am concerned, my work tells its own tale, and I fail to see why any further explanation should be required. To discuss my work in public is distasteful to me, and it is only with the greatest reluctance that I have undertaken to write these brief notes, with the view of attempting once and for all to settle the question. My soldier friends understand me perfectly well, and when they see my name in the newspapers, appended to a string of words, after I have already expressed myself to them adequately in a picture, they will wonder what extraordinary change has come over me.'

'Having set out to paint the greatest figures of the war, and having accomplished the greater part of my task, the thought suddenly flashed upon my mind that unless I included the common British soldier, the greatest figure of all would be missing from my picture. When once, however, I put him in, there was not room for anyone else. And so there I left him, in the setting which to my mind is the richest and most glorious in all France. He is guarded by two of his dead comrades; above the trio, two little angels hold the wreath of victory, and in the distance the supreme sacrifice is shown in the "Salle de la Guerre."

'The picture is thus in memory of the Unknown British Soldier in France. How many unknown! And in how many cemeteries! But like the wonderful architects of old, their identity will never be revealed, though their anonymous work will always testify to the glory of their lives.'

## BOOKS ABROAD

**His Majesty's Embassy**, by Maurice Baring.

London: Heinemann, 1923. 7s. 6d.

**Arthur: A Tragedy**, by Laurence Binyon.

London: Heinemann, 1923. 6s.

**At Mrs. Beam's**, by C. K. Munro. London:

Collins, 1923. 5s.

[*Outlook*]

This collection of plays gives us in small space representative specimens of most of the attempts which are now being made to improve the modern theatre. Mr. Baring and Mr. Binyon have both written plays in blank verse, a development which has often been advocated. Alas that this thing so much desired should be so disappointing when it appears! Mr. Baring's and Mr. Binyon's plays are both competently and stately written pieces. But when Guenevere says:—

I did the wrong.

Through me the young have perished, the young men

Have fallen in their blood.

From me a woe goes welling through the world Like waves in the black night;

or when Manfroy says:—

Tell them I pardon Cimbrio and Gnotho.  
They will accept it from a dying man.  
Now, Palamon, come closer, bend your ear,  
My numbered minutes run like falling sand;  
Go to the convent, ask for Sister Monica,  
Tell her that reconciled at last and shriven,  
I died remorseful of a life of sin,

one turns with unwilling relief to Mr. Munro's little boarding-house thief calling her lover 'a damned swine.' Mr. Munro's atmosphere is certainly capable of accommodating much less feeling, a much less comprehensive vision of life, but within his range he is alive; and within the much wider range they necessarily assume, the modern writers of blank-verse plays seem to spread out like gas introduced into a vacuum, until their appreciation of life is so tenuous that for practical purposes it does not exist at all. It would seem to be indisputable that epic drama on the old model is now impossible. Some renovation must be made, some new form must be discovered.

We are therefore thrown back on the drama of contemporary life as written by Mr. O'Neill and Mr. Munro, and also by Mr. Baring. The best of the three plays in Mr. Baring's volume illustrates what a comparatively coarse instrument the stage is, for *His Majesty's Embassy* would almost certainly be a failure in the theatre. Mr. Baring

can write most amusing dialogue; and he has the rare power of being able to make his points to the reader without stating them. The faint, unemphasized love-story of the Ambassador is told with wonderful delicacy and poignancy; but it is to be feared that its very delicacy would prevent it from having much effect on an audience.

**Out of Work. An Introduction to the Study of Unemployment**, by G. D. H. Cole. London: Labour Publishing Co., 1923. Paper, 1s. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

[*New Statesman*]

This little book should be very useful for the purpose indicated in its subtitle—as an introduction to the study of unemployment. The more tranquil-minded student will, we hope, find it not only useful but wholesomely irritating. Mr. Cole sees unemployment as a natural and inevitable disease of capitalist organization. In his diagnosis he goes more or less upon the lines of Mr. J. A. Hobson, insisting strongly on the evils of underconsumption and overinvestment in the 'constructional industries'—of which the chief are the metal-working and contracting groups. And his remedy—the only real remedy, in his view—is such a fundamental change of system as will carry with it a proper distribution of purchasing power in the community. In short, if we want to abolish unemployment we must abolish capitalism.

Some readers, however, while they may agree with that view, will be interested in what can be done while we are waiting for the revolution. Mr. Cole exposes very trenchantly the inadequacy of the present methods of relieving unemployment—'doles,' trade-unions benefits, charity, relief works. He is rightly critical, too, of the fashionable demand for insurance by industry. A contributory scheme of insurance by industry (which, of course, is quite different thing from the plan of 'industrial maintenance' put forward by the Guild Socialists) would do little to solve the problem, and, indeed, it is not practicable to-day. The proper organization of public work is a far more important matter, though even that, useful as it would be, is obviously not a panacea.

It is a pity that the space at his command did not allow Mr. Cole to go a little deeper into the currency question and its bearing on unemployment. He does, it is true, refer briefly to the disastrous effects of a too rapid deflation, as well as to the whole-hogging inflationists' plan for

making us all happy forever by a non-stop issue of paper money and credit. But he does not mention the stabilization proposals of the Genoa Conference. Yet these may be of great importance. If they are sound, the problem of unemployment becomes far more manageable, even under capitalism, for they claim that, by the regulation of credit through the Central Banks, we can prevent the alternating booms and slumps which make up the trade cycle.

*Love's Pilgrim*, by J. D. Beresford. London: Collins, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[J. B. Priestley in the *London Mercury*]

FOSTER INNES is the heir to a barony; he has a clubfoot, and is extremely sensitive and reserved, and very much under the influence of a somewhat selfish and worldly mother. He it is who tells the story of his pilgrimage as a lover. He meets Tertia, a cool and pretty flirt, and adores her to no purpose. Then during the war he has a brief but unsatisfactory affair with Nita, who is round-eyed and clinging and engaged to half-a-dozen subalterns at once. Then his family almost but not quite throw him into the arms of Grace, a motherly young person, who unfortunately chooses to fall in love with someone else. Finally, Innes meets the daughter of a new tenant and at last finds in her the woman he can love and who can return his love. But now there are other difficulties, for the girl's father has only just been acquitted of murdering his wife, and he is still living under a cloud. The family objects to such a match, and Innes is now prepared to relinquish his claim to the title and estate rather than lose the girl. Eventually, in a highly dramatic last few chapters, in which the girl's older sister confesses to have committed the murder herself and is promptly killed by the fall of a tree, everything comes right. Innes is happy at last; he saw 'the deep, calm soul that loved me selflessly — the Claire that was faithful unto death — and beyond.'

I quote these phrases because they have a familiar ring; we have met them, or something very much like them, many a time; and indeed, I have outlined the story itself for much the same reason, to show with what familiar situations Mr. Beresford has chosen to deal. He has boldly chosen material that is almost the common stock-in-trade of the novelist, the sensitive lame hero, the rather selfish mother, the first disillusionment in love, the heroine of low degree, and all the rest of it, and has trusted his sound craftsmanship and his analytical skill to carry him through. The result is a story that is by no means one of the best things he has done, but that is also by no means one of those tired productions that even our best novelists give us

every other season or so. Mr. Beresford's sincerity and strong hold upon realities, which have successfully steered him past the reefs and sandbanks of his intellectual crotchetts more than once, do not play him false; his actual narrative throughout is attractive and his characterization, more lightly touched in than usual, is excellent; and if the rather melodramatic finish, the sudden confession of murder, the storm, the blasted elm, and so forth, appears somewhat out of key, too much in the nature of an experiment, at least the powerful forward sweep of the story, moving from cool analysis to drama, carries the reader along with it, and suggests that the last word on Mr. Beresford's art cannot be spoken yet for a while.

*The Diary of Nelly Ptashkina*, translated by Pauline de Chary. London: Jonathan Cape, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Observer*]

It is quite impossible to treat this book with any detachment of literary criticism. The critic is hopelessly biased by the pathos of the thing, the adorable character of the child who wrote it, and the intolerably pathetic fact that she lost her life before she had had any of the joys she longed for or had done any of the noble deeds she so childishly but so high-mindedly planned. The Diary itself has its touches of honest youthful egoism and vanity. There is no false humility about little Nelly. When she is pleased with herself she says so. Much of her philosophy, of course, is the naïve echo of her reading. What is wonderful about it is that a child of fifteen (the period of much of the book) should have troubled her head so earnestly about great things, have tried so truly to find truth, and have thought so much for others at that sublimely self-absorbed stage of existence.

The frustration of her desire to be with her mother makes painful reading. The dangers and anxieties arising from the Bolshevik espionage make less impression. Nelly has amazing pluck, and gets more humor than terror out of much that happens. It is a thousand pities that the child has died a child. Her little Diary has been well worth publishing. Perhaps some day the fragments abandoned in Moscow may follow the rest and be treated by the same clever and sympathetic translator.

\*

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